

THE  
SHEPHERDS  
Calender:

CONTEYNING TWELVE  
Aeglogues, proportionable to the  
*twelve Moneths.*

ENTITVLED,  
To the Noble and vertuous Gentleman, most wor-  
thy of all tytles, both of learning and chivalric,  
*Maister Philip Sidney.*



LONDON  
Printed by Thomas Creede, for Iohn Harrison the  
yonger, dwelling in Pater noster Row, at the  
figae of the Anchor.

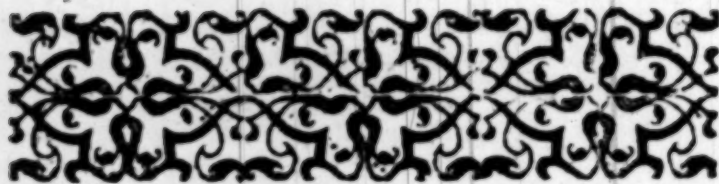
1597.



## TO HIS BOOKE.

Go little booke: thy selfe present,  
As child whose parent is vnkent,  
To him that is the president,  
Of noblenesse and chiu alrie.  
And if that Enuy barke at thee,  
As sure it will, for succour flee  
Vnder the shadow of his wing:  
And asked who thee forth did bring,  
A shepheards swaine say did thee sing,  
All as his straying flocke he fedde,  
And when his honour hath thee redde,  
Graue pardon for my hardy-head.  
But if that any aske thy name,  
Say thou wert base begot with blame:  
For why thereof thou takest shame.  
And when thou art past ieopardie,  
Come tell mee what was sayd of mee,  
And I will send more after thee.

*Immerito*





To the most excellent and learned, both Orator and Poet, master  
*Gabriel Harney*, his verie speciall and singular good friend *E.K.* com-  
 mendeth the good lyking of this his good labour, and the  
 patronage of the new Poet.



*Vncouth*, vnkist, said the old famous poet *Chaucer*: whom  
 for his excellencie and wonderfull skill in making, his  
 scholler *Lidgate*, a worthie scholler of so excellēt a ma-  
 ster, calleth the loadstarre of our language: and whom  
 our *Colin Clout* in his Eglogue calleth Tytirus the God  
 of shepheards, comparing him to the worthinesse of  
 the Roman *Titus Virgil*. Which prouerb, mine owne  
 good friend M. *Harney*, as in that good old poet, it ser-  
 ued well *Pindares* purpose, for the bolstering of his bawdie brocage, so very  
 well taketh place in this our new poet, who for that hee is vncouth (as sayde  
*Chaucer*) is vnkist, and vnknowne to most men, is regarded but of a fewe.  
 But I doubt not, so soone as his name shall come into the knowledge  
 of men, and his woorthinesse bee sounded in the trumpe of Fame,  
 but that hee shall bee not onely kist, but also beloued of all, imbraced of  
 the most, and wondred at of the best. No lesse, I thinke, deserueth his wit i-  
 nesse in deuising, his pithinesse in vttering, his complaints of loue so louely,  
 his discourses of pleasure so pleasantly, his pastoral rudenes, his morall wise-  
 nesse, his due obseruing of *Decorum* euerie where, in personages, in seasons,  
 in matter, in speech, and generallie, in all seemely simplicitie of handling his  
 matters, and framing his wordes: the which of many things which in him  
 be straunge, I know will seeme the strangest, and wordes themselves being  
 so auncient, the knitting of them so short and intricate, and the whole pe-  
 riod and compasse of speech so delightfom for the roundnesse, and so graue  
 for the stangenesse. And first of the wordes to speake, I graunt they bee  
 something hard, and of most men vnused, yet both English, and also vsed  
 of most excellent Authours, and most famous poets. In whom, when as this  
 our Poet hath bin much trauailed and thoroughly read, how could it be, (as  
 that worthie Oratour sayde) but that walking in the Sunne, althouth for o-  
 ther cause he walked, yet needes he mought be sunburnt, and hauing the  
 sound of those auncient poets still ringing in his eares, he mought needes in  
 singing, hit out some of their tunes. But whether he vseth them by such ca-  
 sualtie and custome or of set purpose and choise, as thinking them fittest for  
 such rustical rudenesse of shepheards, either for that their rough sound would  
 make his rimes more ragged and rusticall: or else because such old and ob-  
 solete wordes are most vied of Country folke, sure I thinke, and thinke I  
 think not amisse, that they bring great grace, and as one would say, autho-  
 ritie



### *The Epistle.*

ri. to the verse. For albe, amongst many other faults, it specially be obieced of *Valla*, against *Linie*, and of other against *Salust*, that with ouer much studie they affect antiquitie, as couering thereby credence, and honour of elder yeares, yet I am of opinon, and eke the best learned are of the like, that those auncient solemne words, are a great ornament, both in the one, and in the other: the one labouring to set forth in his worke an eternall image of antiquitie, and the other carefully discoursing matters of grauity and importance. For, if my memorie faile not, *Tully* in that booke, wherein he endeuoureth to set forth the patterne of a perfect Orator, saith that oftentimes an ancient worde maketh the stile seeme graue, and as it were reuerend, no otherwise then we honor and reuerence gray haire, for a certaine religious regard, which we haue of old age. Yet neither euery where must old wordes be stuffed in, nor the common Dialect and maner of speaking so corrupted thereby, that as in olde buildings, it seeme disorderly and ruynous. But all as in most exquisite pictures, they vse to blaze and portrait, not only the daintie lineaments or beautie, but also round about it to shadowe the rude thicketts and craggy elists, that by the basenes of such parts, more excellencie may accrew to the principall: for oftentimes we find our selues, I know not how, singularly delighted with the shew of such natuall rudenesse, and take great pleasure in that disorderly order. Euen so doo those rough and harsh tearmes, enlumine and make more clearly to appeare the brightnesse of braue and glorious wordes. So oftentimes a discorde in musike maketh a comely concordance: so great delight tooke the worthie poet *Alcous* to behold a blemish in the ioynt of a well shaped bodie. But if any will rashly blame such his purpose in choise of olde and vnwonted wordes, him may I more iustly blame and condemne, or of witlesse headinesse in iudging, or of heedles hardinesse in condemning: for not marking the compasse of his bent, he will iudge of the length of his cast: for in my opiniō it is one especiall praise of many, which are due to this poet, that he hath labored to restore as to their rightfull heritage, such good and naturall English wordes, as haue beene long time out of vse, and almost cleane disherited. Which is the only cause, that our mother tongue, which truly of it self is both full inough for prose, and stately inough for verse, hath long time been counted most bare and barren of both. V Which default when as some endeouored to salue and recure, they patched vp the holes with peeces and rags of other languages, borrowing here of the French, there of the Italian, euery where of the Latin, not weighing how ill those tongues accord with themselves, but much worse with ours: So now they haue made our English tong a gallimaufrey, or hodgepodge of all other speeches. Other some not so well seene in the English tongue, as perhaps in other languages, if they happen to heare  
an



### *The Epistle.*

an olde word, albeit very naturall and significant, cry out straight way, that we speake no English, but gibberish, or rather such as in olde time *Euanders* mother spake: whose first shame is, that they are not ashamed, in their own mother tongue, to bee counted strangers and aliens. The second shame no lesse then the first, that what so they vnderstand not, they streightway deeme to be senselesse, and not at all to be vnderstoode. Much like to the Mole in *Aesops* fable, that being blind her self, would in no wise be perswaded, y any beast could see. The last, more shamefull then both, that of their owne coun- try and natural speach, which together with their Nurses milke they sucked, they haue so base regard & bastard iudgement, that they wil not only them- selues not labor to garnish and beautifie it, but also repine, that of other it should be embellished. Like to the dogge in the maunger, that himselfe can eate no hay, and yet barketh at the hungrie bullock, that so faine would feed: whose currish kinde, though it cannot be kept from barking, yet I conne them thanke that they refraine from byting.

Now, for the knitting of sentences, which they call the ioynts and mem- bers therof, & for all the compasse of the speech, it is round without rough- nesse, and learned without hardnesse, such in deede as may be perceyued of the least, vnderstood of the most, but iudged onely of the learned. For what in most English writers vseth to be loose, and as it were vnright, in this Au- thour is well grounded, finely framed, and strongly trussed vp together. In regarde whereof, I scorne and spew out the rakehelly rout of our ragged ry- mers (for so theinselues vse to hunt the letter) which without learning boast, without iudgement iangle, without reason rage and fume, as if some instinct of poetical spirit had newly rauished them aboue the meannesse of common capacitie. And being in the midst of all their brauerie, suddenly, either for want of matter, or rime, or hauing forgotten their former conceit, they seem to be so pained and trauailed in their remembrance, as it were a woman in childbirth, or as that same Pythia, when the traunce came vpon her. *Os rabi- dum fera cordam domans, &c.*

Nethlesse, let them a Gods name feed on their owne folly, so they seeke not to darken the beams of others glorie. As for *Colin*, vnder whose person the Authors selfe is shadowed, how farre he is from such vaunted titles, and glorious shewes, both himselfe sheweth, where he sayth:

*Of Muses Hobbin, I conne no skill.*

*And*

*Enough is me to paint out my unrest, &c.*

And also appeareth by the basenesse of the name, wherein it seemeth he chose rather to vnfold great matter of argumēt couertly, then professing it, not suffice thereto accordingly. Which moued him rather in *Æglogues* the otherwise to write, doubting perhaps his ability, which he little needed, or



### *The Epistle.*

inding to furnish our tongue with this kinde, wherein it faulteth, or following the example of the best and most ancient poets, which deuised this kinde of writing, being both so base for the matter, and homely for the manner, at the first to trie their habilities; and as yong birdes, that bee newly erept out of the nest, by little first proue their tender winges, before they make a greater flight. So flew *Theocritus*, as you may perceyue hee was already full fledged. So flew *Virgil*, as not yet well feeling his wings. So flew *Mantuanus*, as not being full some. So *Petrarque*. So *Boccace*. So *Marot*, *Sanazarus*, and also diuerse other excellent both Italian and French poets, whose footing this author euerie where followeth: yet so as few, but they be well sented can trace him out. So finally flieth this our new poet as a birde whose principals be scarce growne out, but yet as one y in time shall be able to keepe wing with the best. Now as touching the general drift and purpose of his *Aeglogues*, I mind not to say much, himself laboring to cōceal it. Only this appeareth, that his vnstayed youth had long waded in the common Labirinth of Loue, in which time to mitigate and allay the heate of his passion, or else to warne (as he saith) the yong shepheards [his equals and companions of his vnfortunate folly, hee compiled these twelue *Aeglogues*, which for that they be proportioned to the state of the twelue Moneths, he termeth it the *Shepheards Calender*, as plying an olde name to a new work. Hereunto haue I added a certaine Glosse or scholion, for the exposition of olde wordes, and harder phrases, which maner of glossing and commenting, well I wote will seeme strange and rare in our tongue: yet, for so much as I knewe, many excellent and proper deuises, both in wordes and matter, would passe in the speedie course of reading, either as vnknowne, or as not marked, and that in this kinde, as in other we might be equal to the learned of other nations, I thought good to take the paines vpon me, the rather for that by meanes of some familiar acquaintance I was made priue to his counsaile and secret meaning in them, as also in sundrie other works of his. Which albeit I know he nothing so much hateth, as to promuigate, yet thus much haue I aduentured vpon his friendship, himselfe being for long time farre estranged, hoping that this will the rather occasion him, to put forth diuerse other excellent works of his, which sleep in silence, as his *Dreams*, his *Legends*, his *Court of Cupid*, and sundrie others, whose commendation to set out, were verie vaine, the things though worthie of many, yet being knowne to fewe. These my present paines, if to any they be pleasurable, or profitable, be you iudge, mine owne maister *Harvey*, to whom I haue both in respect of your worthines generally, and otherwise vpon some particular and speciall considerations, vowed this my labour, and the maidenhead of this our common friends poetrie, himselfe hauing already in the beginning dedica-



*The Epistle.*

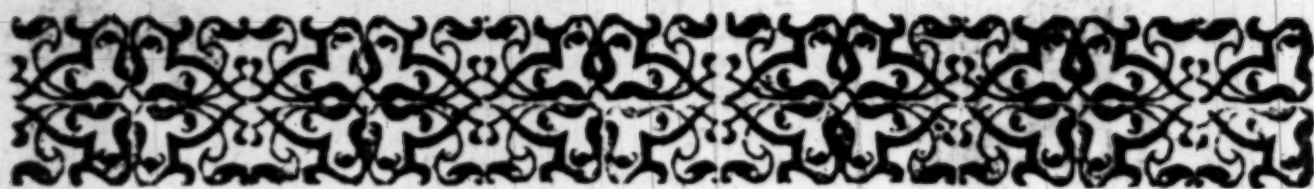
dedicated it to the Noble and worthie Gentleman, the right worshipfull maister *Philip Sidney*, a speciall fauourer and maintainer of all kinde of learning. Whose cause, I pray you sir, if enuie shall stirre vp any wrongfull accusation, defend with your mightie Rhetoricke, and other your rath gifts of learning, as you can, and shield with your good will, as you ought, against the malice and outrage of so many enemies, as I know will bee set on fire with the sparkes of his kindled glorie. And thus recommending the Author vnto you, as vnto his most speciall good friend, and my selfe vnto you both, as one making singular accout of two so very good & so choise friends, I bid you both most hartily fare well, and commit you and your commendable studies to the tuition of the greatest.

*Your owne assuredly to be  
commanded. E.K.*

*Post scr.*

**N**OW I trust, *M. Harney*, that vpon sight of your speciall friends and fellow poets doings, or else for enuie of so many vnworthy Quidams, which catch at the garland which to you alone is due, you wil be perswaded to plucke out of the hatefull darknes, those so many excellent English poems of yours, which lie hid, and bring the forth to eternal light. Trust me, you do both them great wrong, in depriuing the of the desired sun, and also your selfe, in smothering your deserued praises, and all men generally, in withholding from them so diuine pleasures, which they might conceyue of your gallant English verses, as they haue alreadie done of your Latin poems, which in my opinion both for inuention, and elocution are verie delicate and superexcellent. And thus againe, I take my leaue of my good *M. Harney*. From my lodging at London the tenth of Aprill. 1579.





## The generall Argument of the whole Booke.



ittle, I hope, needeth me at large to discourse the first  
originall of Aeglogues, having already touched the  
same. But, for the worde Aeglogues, I know is un-  
known to most, and also mistaken of some the best  
learned (as they thinke) I will say somewhat there-  
of, being not at all impertinent to my present pur-  
pose.

They were first of the Greekes, the inuentours of them, called Aeglo-  
gas, as it were, Aegon, or Aeginomonlogi, that is Goateheardestales.  
For although in Virgil and others, the speakers be more Shepherds, then  
Goatbeards, yet Theocritus in whom is more ground of authoritie, then  
in Virgil, this specially from that deriuing, as from the first heade and  
wellspring the whole inuention of these Aeglogues, maketh Goateheardes  
the persons and Authors of his tales. This being, who seeth not the gros-  
nesse of such as by colour of learning would make vs beleue, that they are  
more rightly tearmed Eclogai, as they would say, extraordinarie discour-  
ses of vnnecessarie matter: which definition albe in substance and meaning it  
agree with the nature of the thing, yet no whit answereth with the Analy-  
sis and interpretation of the worde. For they be not tearmed Eclogæ, Aeg-  
logues, which sentence this Authour verie well obseruing, upon good iudg-  
ment, though indeede fewe Goatbeards haue to doe herein, neuerthelesse  
doubteth not to call them by the used and best known name. Other curi-  
ous discourses hereof I reserue to greater occasion.

These twelue Aeglogues euery where answering to the seasons of the  
twelue Moneths, may be well diuided into three formes or rankes. For ei-  
ther they be Plaintiue, as the first, the sixth, the eleuenth, and the twelfth,  
or Recreatiue, such as all those bee, which containe matter of loue, or  
commendation of speciall personages: or Morall, which for the most  
part



## The Argument.

part be mixed with some Satyricall bitternesse, namely, the second of reuerence due to olde age, the fift of coloured deceyte, the seuenth and ninth, of dissolute shepheards and Pastors, the tenth of contempt of Poetrie and pleasant wittes. And to this diuision may euery thing herein bee reasonably applied: a few onelie except, whose speciall purpose and meaning I am not priue to. And thus much generally of these twelue Aeglogues. Now will we speake particularlie of all, and first of the first, which hee calleth by the first Monethes name, Ianuarie: wherein to some hee may seeme folly to haue faulted, in that he erroneously beginneth with that Moneth, which beginneth not the yeare. For it is well knowne, and stoutlie maintained with strong reasons of the learned, that the yeare beginneth in March, for then the sunne renueth his finished course, and the seasonable spring refresheth the earth, and the pleasaunce thereof being buried in the sadnesse of the dead Winter, nowe worne away, reliueth.

This opinion maintaine the olde Astrologers and Philosophers, namely, the reuerend Andalo, and Macrobius, in his holy dayes of Saturne, which account also was generally obserued, both of Grecians and Romans. But sauing the leaue of such learned heades, wee maintaine a custome of counting the seasons from the Moneth Ianuarie, vppon a more speciall cause then the heathen Philosophers euer could conceyue, that is, for the incarnation of our mightie Sauour, and eternall Redeemer the Lorde Christ; who as then renewing the state of the decayed Worlde, and returning the compasse of expyred yeares, to theyr former date, and first commencement, left to vs his Heyres a memoriall of his byrth, in the end of the last yeare and beginning of the next. Which reckoning, beside that eternall Monument of our saluation, leaneth also vpon good prooffe of speciall iudgement.

For albee it that in elder tymes, when as yet the count of the yeare was not perfected, as afterward it was by Iulius Caesar, they began to tell the Monethes from Marches beginning, and according to the same God (as is sayde in Scripture) commaunded the people of the Iewes to count the Moneth Abil, that which wee call March, for the first Moneth, in remembraunce that in that Moneth hee brought them out of the lande of Egypt: yet, according to tradition of latter times it hath been otherwise obserued, both in gouernment of the Church and rule of mightiest realmes.



### The Argument.

For from Iulius Cæsar who first obserued the leape yeare, which he called Bissextilem. Annum, and brought into a more certaine course of the odde wandring dayes, which of the Greekes were called Hyperbainontes, of the Romanes Intercalares (for in such matter of learning I am forced to vse the tearmes of the learned) the moneths haue beene numbred twelue, which in the first ordinance of Romulus were but ten, counting but 304 dayes in euerie yeare, and beginning with March. But Numa Pompilius who was the father of al the Romane Ceremonies, and Religion, seeing that reckoning to agree neither with the course of the Sunne, nor the Moone, therunto added two moneths, Ianuarie and Februarie, wherin it seemeth, that wise king minded vpon good reason to begin the yeare at Ianuarie, of him therefore so called tanquam Ianua anni, the gate and enterance of the yeare, or of the name of the god Ianus, to which god, for that the olde Paymims attributed the birth and beginning of all creatures new comming into the world, it seemeth that he therefore to him assigned, the beginning and first entrance of the yeare. Which account for the most part hath hitherto continued. Notwithstanding, that the Egyptians beginne their yeare at September, for that according to the opinion of the best Rabbines, and verie purpose of the Scripture it selfe, God made the worlde in that Moneth, that is called of them Tisri. And therefore he commanded them to keepe the feast of Pavilions, in the ende of the yeare, in the xv. day of the seuenth moneth which before that time was the first.

But our authour respecting neither the subtiltie of the one part, nor the antiquitie of the other, thinketh it fittest, according to the simplicitie of common vnderstanding, to begin with Ianuarie, weening it perhaps no decorum that shepheards should be seene in matter of so deep insight, or cause a case of so doubtful iudgement. So therefore beginneth he, and so continueth he throughout.





*Aegloga prima.*

ARGUMENT,

**I**N this first Aeglogue Colin Clout a shepheards boy, complaineth himselfe of his unfortunate loue, being but newly (as it seemeth) enamoured of a country lasse called Rosa'inde: with which strong affection being verie sore traxelled, he cōpaueth his careful case to the sad season of the yeare, to the frostie ground, to the frosen trees, and to his owne winter beaten flocke. And lastly, finding himselfe robbed of all former pleasure and delight, he breaketh his Pipe in peeces, and casteth himselfe to the ground.

Colin Clout.

**A** Shepheards boy (no better do him call)  
When winters wastfull spight was almost spent,  
All in a sunshine day, as did befall,  
Led forth his flocke, that had bene long ypent.  
So faint they were, and feeble in the fold.  
That now binnethes their fate could them vphold.

All as the sheepe, such was the shepheards looke,  
For pale and wanne he was, (alas the while)  
May seeme he lou'd, or else some care he toke:  
Well couth he tune his Pipe, and frame his stile.  
Who to a hill his fainting flocke he led,  
And thus him plaine, the while his sheepe there fed.

O gods of loue, that pitie louers paine,



(If any Gods the paine of louers pitie :)  
 Looke frome aboue, where you in ioyes remain,  
 And bow your cares vnto my dolefull dittie.  
 And Pan thou shepheards God, that once did loue,  
 Pittie the paines, that thou thy selfe didst proue.

Thou barren ground whom Winters wyath hath wasted.  
 Art made a mirrour, to behold my plight :  
 Whilom thy fresh spring flowrd, and after hasted  
 Thy Sommer proude, with Daffadillies dight.  
 And now is come thy winters stormie state,  
 Thy mantle mard, wherein thou maskedst late.

Such rage as Winters, raignoeth in my heart,  
 My life blood freezing, with vnkindly cold :  
 Such stormie stourdes, do bryede my balefull smart,  
 As if my yeares were waste, and worren olde.  
 And yet, alas, but now my spring begonne,  
 And yet, alas, it is alreadie donne.

You naked trees, whose shadie leaues are lost,  
 Wherein the birds were wont to build their bowre,  
 And now are cloathd with mosse and hoarie frost,  
 In stead of blossomes, wherewith your buds did flowre.  
 I see your teares, that from your boughs do raine,  
 Whose drops in drierie yscles remaine.

Also my lustfull lease is drie and seare,  
 My timely buds with wailing all are wasted :  
 The blossome, which my bzaunch of youth did beare,  
 With breathed sighs is blowne away, and blasted.  
 And from mine eies the dzyling teares descend,  
 As on your boughs the yscles depend.

Thou feeble flocke, whose flocce is rough and rent,  
 Whose knees are weake, throught fast and euill fare :  
 Maist witnesse well by thy ill gouernment,  
 Thy maisters minde is overcome with care.  
 Thou weake, I wanne : thou leane, I quite forlorne,  
 With mourning pine I, you with pining mourne.

A thousand



# Januàrie.

3

A thousand sighs I curse that carefull houre,  
Wherein I longd the neighbour towne to see:  
And eke ten thousand sighes I blesse the stoure.  
Wherein I saw so faire a sight as shee.  
Yet all for nought: such sight hath bred my bane:  
Ah God, that loue should breed both ioy and paine.

It is not Hobbinol, wherefore I plaine,  
Albe my loue he seeke with dayly suit:  
His clownish gifts and curtesies I disdaine,  
His kiddes, his cracknels, and his early fruit.  
Ah, foolish Hobbinol, thy gifts beere baine:  
Colin them giues to Rosalinde againe,

I loue thilke lasse, (alas why do I loue?)  
And am forlorne. alas why am I lorne?  
Shee deignes not my good will, but doth reprove.  
And of my rurall musicke holdeth scoorne.  
Shepheards deuiſe she hateth as the snake:  
And laughes the songs, that Colin Clout doth make.

Wherefore my pipe, albe rude Pan thou please,  
Yet for thou pleaseſt not, where most I would:  
And thou unluckie Muse, that wentſt to ease  
My musing minde, yet canſt not, when thou should.  
Both Pipe and Muse, shall sore the while abide:  
So broke his Datten Pipe, and delone did lie.

By that, the welked Phœbus gan auaille,  
His wearie waine, and now the frostie Night,  
Her mantle blacke through heauen gan ouerhaile,  
Which scene, the pensue boy halfe in despight  
Arose, and homeward droue his sunned sheepe,  
Whose hanging heads did seem his carefull case to weep.

Colins Embleme.

*Anchora speme.*

GLOSSE.

Colin Clout, is a name not greatly vsed, and yet haue I scene a poesie of  
M. Skeltons, vnder that title. But indeede the worde of Colin is French, and  
vsed



## Iauuarie.

vsed of the French poet *Marot* (if hee bee worthie the name of a poet) in a certaine *Æglogue*. Vnder which name this poet secret'y shadoweth himselfe, as sometime did *Virgil* vnder the name of *Tityrus*, thinking it much fitter then such Latin names, for the great vnlikelihood of the language,

*Vnnethes*, scarcely.

*Conth*, commeth of the verbe *Conne*, that is, to know, or to haue skil. As well interpreteth the same, the worthy sir *Tho. Smith*, in his booke of gouernment: whereof I haue a perfect copie in writing, lent mee by his kinsman, and my very singular good friend. *M. Gabriel Harney*, as also of some other his most graue and excellent writings.

*Sith*, time. *Neighbour towne*, the next towne: expressing the Latin, *Vicina*.  
*Seure*, a fit. *Seare*, withered.

His clownish gifts imitateth *Virgil*'s verse.

*Rusticus es Corydon, nec munera curat Alexis.*

*Hobbinol*, is a fained country name, wherby, it being so cōmon and vsuall, seemeth to be hidden the person of some his very especiall and most familiar friend, whom he intirely and extraordinarily beloued, as peraduenture shalbe more largely declared hereafter. In this place seemeth to be some fauor of disorderly loue, which the learned call *Paderastice*: but it is gathered beside his meaning. For who that hath red *Plato* his Dialogue called *Alcibiades*, *Xenophon* and *Maximus Tyrius*, of *Socrates* opinions, may easily perceiue, that such loue is to be allowed and liked of, specially so ment, as *Socrates* vsed it: who saith, that indeede he loued *Alcybiades* extreemely, yet not *Alcybiades* person, but his soule, which is *Alcybiades* owne self. And so is *Paderastice* much to be preferred before *Gyneraftice*, that is, the loue which inflameth men with lust toward woman kind. But yet let no man thinke, that herein I stand with *Lucian*, or his diuelish disciple *Vnisco Aretino*, in defence of execrable and horrible sinnes of forbidden and vnlawfull fleshlinesse. Whose abhominable error is fully confuted of *P. rionius*, and others.

*I loue*, a pretie Eponorhesis in these two verses, and withal a paronomasia or playing with the word, where he saith (*I lone shilke lasse alas, &c.*)

*Kosalande*, is also a fained name, which being well ordered, will bewray the verie name of his loue and mistresse, whom by that name he coloureth. So as *Uind* shadoweth his loue vnder the name of *Corynna*, which of some is supposed to be *Julia*, the Emperor *Augustus* his daughter, and wife to *Agrippa*. So doth *Aruntius Stella*, euery where call his Ladie *Asteris* and *Ianthes*, albeit it is well knowne that her right name was *Violantilla*: as witnesseth *Stutius* in his *Epithalamium*. And so the famous paragon of Italy *Madonna Cælia*, in her letters enuelopeth her selfe vnder the name of *Zima*, and *Petrona* vnder the name of *Bellochia*. And this generally hath beene a common custome



Februarie.

Some of counterfaiting the names of secrete personages.

Anail, bring downe.

Embleme.

Ouerbaile, draw ouer.

His Embleme or Posie is here vnder added in Italian, *Anchora speme*, the meaning whereof is, that notwithstanding his extreame passion and luckes lesse loue, yet leaning on hope, he is somewhat recomforted.

Februarie.



*Aegloga secunda.*

ARGUMENT.

**T**His Aeglogue is rather morall and generall, then bent to anie secret or particular purpose. It speciallie containeth a discourse of olde age, in the person of Thenot, an old shepheard, who for his crookednesse and vnjustnesse, is scorned of Cuddie, an vnhappy heardmans boy. The matter verie well accordeth with the season of the moneth, the yeare now dropping, and as it were drawing to his last age. For as in this time of yeare, so then in our bodies, there is a drie and withering cold, which congealeth the cruddled blood, and frieseth the weather beaten fesse, with stormes of Fortune, and hoare frosts of care. To which purpose the olde mantelleth a tale of the Oake and the Briar, so linelie, and so feelinglie, as if the thing were set forth in some picture before our eies, more plainlie could not appeare.

Cuddie. Thenot.

**A** Whoz pittie, will rancke winters rage,  
These bitter blasts neuer ginte a wage?  
The kene colde blowes through my beaten hide,



All as I were through the bodie gride.  
 My ragged ronts all shiuer and shake,  
 As done high Towers in an earthquake:  
 They went in the winde wagge their wriggle tails,  
 Pearke as a Peacocke: but now it auails.

Thenot.

Letwoly complainest thou lacies ladde,  
 Of Winters wacke for making thee sadde.  
 Must not the worlde wend in his common course  
 From good to bad, and from bad to worse,  
 From worse vnto that is worst of all,  
 And then returne to his former fall?  
 Who will not suffer the stormie time,  
 Where will he liue till the lustie prime?  
 Selfe haue I worne out thise thirtie yeares,  
 Some in much ioy, many in many teares:  
 Yet neuer complained of colde nor heat,  
 Of summers flame, nor of winters threat:  
 He neuer was to Fortune foe man,  
 But gently toke, that vngently came.  
 And euer my flocke was my chiefe care,  
 Winter or Sommer they mought well fare.

Cuddie.

No maruaile Thenot, if thou can beare  
 Cheerfully the Winters wrathfull cheare.  
 For age and winter accord full nie,  
 This chill, that cold, this crooked, that wrie.  
 And as the loyting weather lookes downe,  
 So seemest thou like good Friday to frowne.  
 But my flowring youth is foe to frost,  
 My ship vnwont in stormes to be tost.

Thenot.

The soueraigne of Seas he blames in vaine  
 That once Sea-beat, will to sea againe.  
 So loytring liue you little heard-growmes,  
 Keeping your beasts in the budded bzymes.  
 And when the shining Summe laugheth once,  
 You dæmon, the Spring is come at once.  
 Tho giue you fond lies, the cold to scoyne,  
 And crowing in Pipes made of greene coyne.

You



Februarie.

7

You thinke to be Lords of the yeare,  
But est, when ye count you freed from feare.  
Comes the breme winter with chamfred browes,  
Full of wyinkles and frostie furrowes:  
Drearily shooting his stormie dart,  
Which cruddles the blood, and prickes the heart.  
Then is your carelesse courage accoyed,  
Your carefull heards with cold be annoyed.  
Then pay you the price of your surquedrie,  
With weeping, and wayling, and miserie.

Cuddie.

Ah foolish olde man, I scorne thy skill,  
That wouldest me, my springing youth to spill.  
I deeme thy braine emperished bee,  
Throught rustie elde, that hath rotted thee.  
O: liker thy head berie tottie is,  
So on thy corbe shoulder it leanes amisse.  
Now thy selfe hast lost both lop and top,  
Als my budding braunch thou wouldest crop:  
But were thy yeares greene, as now beene mine,  
To other delights they would encline.  
Tho wouldest thou learne to caroll of Loue,  
And hery with himnes thy lasses gloue.  
Tho wouldest thou pipe of Phillis praise:  
But Phillis is mine for many dayes.  
I worne her with a girdle of gelt,  
Emboist with bugle about the belt.  
Such an one shepheards would make full faine:  
Such an one would make thee yong againe,

Thenot.

Thou art a son, of thy loue to boist,  
All that is lent to loue will be lost.

Cuddie.

Seest, how brag yond bullocke beares,  
So smirke, so smooth, his pricked cares?  
His hornes beene as brade, as rainbow bent,  
His drwlap as lithe, as lasse of Kent.  
See how he venteth into the winde,  
Weenest of loue is not his minde?  
Seemeth thy flocke thy counsell can,

C

So



So lustlesse beene they, so weake, so wan,  
Clothed with colde, and hoarie with frost,  
Thy flockes father his courage hath lost.  
Thy Ewes that went to haue blewne bags,  
Like wailfull widdowes hanger their crags:  
The rather Lambes beene starued with colde,  
All for their maister is lustlesse and old.

Thenot.

Cuddie, I wot thou kenst little good,  
So vainly to aduance thy headlesse hood.  
For ynough is a bubble blewne vp with breath,  
Whose witte is weakenesse, whose wage is death,  
Whose way is wilderness, whose Anne Penance,  
And stopegallant Age the host of Greuance.  
But shall I tell thee a tale of truth,  
Which I cond of Tyirus in my youth,  
Keeping his sheepe on the hils of Bent?

Cuddie.

To nought more Thenot, my mind is bent,  
Then to heare nouels of his deuise:  
They beene so well thewed, and so wise,  
What euer that good old man bespeake.

Thenot.

Manie wroete tales of youth did he make,  
And some of loue, and some of chivalric:  
But none fitter then this to applie.  
Now listen a while and hearken the end.

There grew an aged Tree on the greene,  
A goodly Dake sometime had it beene,  
With armes full strong and largely displaide,  
But of their leaues they were disaraide:  
The bodie bigge, and mightily pight,  
Thoroughly rooted, and of wondrous hight:  
Whilome had beene the king of the field,  
And mochel mast to the husband did yeld,  
And with his nuts larded many swine.  
But now the gray moisse marred his rime,  
His bared boughes were beaten with stormes,  
His top was bald, and wasted with wormes,

His



## Februarie.

9

His honour decayed, his branches sere.

Hard by his side grew a bragging Bée,ere,  
Which proudly thrust into th'element,  
And seemed to th'eat the firmament,  
It was embellisht with blossomes faire,  
And thereto aye wonned to repaire  
The shepheards daughters to gather flowres,  
To paint their garlonds with his colowres.  
And in his small bushes bled to shrowde  
The swæt Nightingale singing so lewde:  
Which made this foolish Bée,ere were so bold,  
That on a time he cast him to scold,  
And snebbe the good Dake, for he was old.

Why standst there (quoth) thou brutish blocke?  
For for fruit, nor for shadow serues thy stocke:  
Hast thou fresh my flowres beene spied,  
Died in Lillie white, and Crimsin red,  
With Leaues engrained in lustie greene,  
Colours meete to cloath a maiden Queene.  
Why waste bignesse but cumber the ground,  
And dirkes the beautie of my blossomes round.  
The mouldie mosse, which thee accloiet, h,  
By Sinamon sinell too much annoyeth.  
Wherefore sone I rede thee hence remoue,  
Least thou the price of my displeasure proue.  
So spake this bold Bée,ere with great disdain:  
Little him answered the Dake againe,  
But yeldded, with shame and grēfe adawed,  
That of a weede he was ouercraued.

It chaunced after vpon a day,  
The husbandmans selfe to come that way,  
Of custome to surue his ground,  
And his trax of state in compasse round.  
Him when the spitefull Bée,ere had espied,  
Causelesse complained, and loudly cryed  
Unto his Lord, stirring vp sterne strife:  
O my liege Lord, the God of my life,  
Pleaseth you pond your suppliants plaint,  
Caused of wrong, and cruell constraint,  
Which I your poore Vassall dayly endure:



And but your goodnesse the same recure,  
Am like for desperate dole to die,  
Through felonous force of mineemie.

Greatly agast with this piteous plea,  
Him rested the good-man on the lea,  
And bad the Bzere in his plaint proceede.  
With painted wordes tho gan this proude wæde,  
(As most vlen ambitious folke,)  
His coloured crime with craft to cloke.

Ah my soueraigne, Lorde of Creatures all,  
Thou placer of plants both humble and tall,  
Was not I planted of thine owne hand,  
To be the Primrose of all thy land.  
With flowring blossomes, to furnish the prime,  
And skarlet berries in Sommer time?  
How falles it then, that this faded Dake,  
Whose bodie is sere, whose bzaunches broke,  
Whose naked armes stretch vnto the fire,  
Vnto such tyrannie doth aspire?  
Hindring with his shade my louely light,  
And robbing me of the swæte sunnes light?  
So beate his olde boughes my tender side,  
That oft the blood springeth from wounds wide:  
Untimely my flowres forced to fall,  
That beene the honour of your Cozonall.  
And oft he lets his canker wormes light,  
Vpon my bzaunches, to worke me more spight:  
And of his hoarie locks downe doth cast,  
Wherewith my fresh fflowets beene defast.  
For this, and many more such outrage,  
Crauing your goodly head to allwage  
The rancozous rigour of his might.  
Nought aske I, but onely to hold my right:  
Submitting me to your good sufferance,  
And praying to be garded from greuance.

To this, this Dake cast him to replie  
Well as he couth: but hisemie  
Had kindled such coles of displeasure,  
That the good man noulde stay his leasure,  
But home him hasted with furious heate.

Increasing



Encreasing his wrath with many a threat,  
 His harmefull Hatchet he hent in hand,  
 (Alas, that it so readie should stand)  
 And to the field alone he speedeth.  
 (Aye little helpe to harme there needeth)  
 Anger nould let him speake to the trees,  
 Enaunter his rage mought coled bee:  
 But to the roote bent his sturdie stroake,  
 And made many wounds in the waste Dake.  
 The axes edge did oft turne againe,  
 As halfe vnwilling to cut the graine:  
 Seamed, the senselesse iron did feare,  
 Or to wrong holy eld did forbear.  
 For it had bene an auncient tree,  
 Sacred with many a mysterie.  
 And often crost with the priests crew,  
 And often hallowed with holy water dew.  
 But like fantasies weren soleserie,  
 And broughten this Dake to this miserie.  
 For nought mought they quitten him from decay:  
 For fiercely the good man at him did lay.  
 The blocke oft groned vnder the blow,  
 And sighed to see his neare ouerthrow.  
 In fine the Steele had pierced his pith,  
 Tho downe to the earth he fell forthwith:  
 His wonderous weight made the ground to quake,  
 Th' earth shrunke vnder him, and seamed to shake.  
 There lieth the Dake, pitied of none.

Now stands the Bère like a Lord alone,  
 Puffed vp with pride and vaine pleasure:  
 But all this glee had no continuance.  
 For estsomes Winter gan to approach,  
 The blustering Bozeas did encroch,  
 And beat vpon the solitarie Bère:  
 For now no succour was him neere.  
 Now gan he repent his pride too late,  
 More naked left and disconsolate.  
 The byting frost nipt his stalke dead,  
 The watric wet weighed downe his head,  
 And heaped snow lurdned him so soze,



That now byright he can stand no more:  
 And being downe, is trod in the durt,  
 Of cattell, and brouzed, and sorely hurt.  
 Such was th'end of this ambitious Béeze,  
 For seeming Eld.

## Cuddie.

Now I pray thæ Shepheard, tell it not forth:  
 Here is a long tale, and little worth.  
 So long haue I listened to thy speech,  
 That grassed to the ground is my breech:  
 My heart blood is well nigh frozne I feele,  
 And my galage growne fast to my heele:  
 But little ease of thy lewde tale I tasted,  
 Wile thæ home shepheard, the day is nigh wasted.

## Thenots Embleme.

*Iddio perche e vecchio,  
 Fa suoi al suo essemplio.*

## Cuddies Embleme.

*Nimmo vecchio,  
 Spauenta Iddio.*

## GLOSSE.

*Kene*, sharpe.

*Gride*, pierced: an old word much vsed of *Lidgate*, but not found (that I know of) in *Chancer*

*Rents*, yong bullockes.

*Wracke*, ruine or violence, whence cometh shipwracke: and not wreake, that is vengeance or wrath.

*Foman*, a foe.

*Thenot*, the name of a Shepheard in *Marot* his *Æglogues*.

*The Soueraigne of Seas*, is *Neptune* the God of the Seas. The saying is borrowed of *Mimus Publilianus*, which vsed this prouerbe in a verse.

*Improbe Neptunum accusat, qui iterum naufragium facit.*

*Heardgroomes*, *Chancers* verse almost whole.

*Fond flies*, He compareth carelesse sluggardes, or ill husbandmen to flies that so soone as the Sunne shineth, or it waxeth any thing warme, begin to flie abroad, when suddenly they be ouertaken with cold.

*But est when*, a very excellent and liuely description of Winter, so as may be indifferently taken, either for old age, or for winter season.

*Breme*,



*Breme*, Chill, bitter.

*Chamfred*, chapt, or wrinckled.

*Accoied*, plucked downe and daunted.

*Surquedrie*, pride.

*Eld*, olde age,

*Siker*, sure.

*Tottie*, wauering.

*Corbe*, crooked.

*Herie*, worship.

*Phyllis*, the name of some maid vnknowne, whom *Cuddie*, whose person is secret, loued. The name is vsuall in *Theocritus*, *Virgil*, and *Maxtane*.

*Belt*, a girdle or waste band. *Afon*, a foole. *Lythe*, soft and gentle.

*Venteth*, snuffeth in the wind. *Tby flocks father*, the ram. *Craggs*, necks.

*Rather Lambs*, that be ewed early in the beginning of the yeare.

*Youth ii*, a verie moral and pithie Allegorie of youth, and the lusts therof, compared to a wearie wayfaring man.

*Tityrus*, I suppose he meane *Chaucer*, whose praise for pleasant tales can, not die, so long as the memorie of his name shall liue, and the name of poetrie shal endure.

*Well shewed*, that is, *Bene morata*, Full of morall wisenesse.

*Tbere grew*, This tale of the Oake and the Breere, he telleth as learned of *Chaucer*, but it is cleane in another kind, and rather like to *Aesops* fables. It is verie excellent for pleasant descriptions, being altogether a certaine Icon or Hypotyposis of disdainfull yonkers. *Embellist*, beautified and adorned.

*To worne*, to haunt or frequent.

*Sneb*, checke.

*Vvby standst*, The speach is scornfull and verie presumptuous.

*Engrained*, died in graine.

*Accloietb*, accumbreth.

*Adawed*, daunted and confounded.

*Trees of state*, taller trees fit for timber wood. *Sterne strife*, said *Chaucer*, life and sturdie. *O my liege*, a maner of supplication, wherein is kindly coloured the affection and speech of ambitious men.

*Coronall*, garland.

*Flourets* yong blossomes.

*The Primrose*, the chiefe and worthiest.

*Naked armes*, metaphorically ment of the bare boughs, spoiled of leaues. This colourably he speaketh, as adiudging him to the fire.

*The blood*, spoken of a blocke, as it were of a liuing creature figuratiuely, and (as they say) *Kat' etkasmon*.

*Hoarie lockes*, metaphorically for withered leaues.

*Hent*, caught.

*Would*, for would not.

*Aye*, euermore.

*Wounds*, gashes.

*Enaunter*, least that.

*The priests crew*, holy water pot, wherewith the popish priest vsed to sprinkle and ha'llow the trees from milchance. Such blindness was in those times, which the poet supposeth to haue bin the final decay of this ancient Oake.

*The blocke of groned*, a liuely figure, which giueth sense and feeling to vn-sensible creatures, as *Virgil* also saith: *Saxa gemunt gravido*, &c.

*Boreas*,



*Boreas*, The Northren wind, that bringeth the most stormie weather.  
*Glee*, Cheare and iollitie.

*Forſcarning eld*, And minding (as ſhou'd ſeeme) to haue made rime to the former verſe.

*Galage*, A ſturtup or clowniſh ſhooe.

*Embleme.*

This Embleme is ſpoken of *Thenot*, as a morall of his former tale: namely, that god, which is himſelf moſt aged, being before al ages, & without beginning, maketh thoſe whom he loueth, like to himſelfe, in heaping yeares vnto their daies, & bleſſing the with long life. For the bleſſing of age is not giuen to all, but vnto whom God will ſo bleſſe. And albeit that many euill men reach vnto ſuch fulnes of yeares, and ſome alſo waxe old in miſerie & thraldome, yet therefore is not age euer the leſſe bleſſing. For euen to ſuch euill men ſuch number of years is added, that they may in their laſt dayes repent, and come to their firſt home: So the old man checketh the raw-headed boy for deſpiſing his gray and froſtie haire.

Whom *Cuddie* doth counterbuſle with a biting and bitter prouerbe, ſpoken in deed at the firſt in cōtempt of old-age generally. For it was an old opinion, and yet is continued in ſome mens conceite, that men of years haue no feare of God at all, or not ſo much as yonger folke. For that being ripened with long experience, and hauing paſſed many bitter brunts, & blaſts of vengeance, they dread no ſtormes of Fortune, nor wrath of God, nor danger of men, as being either by long and ripe wiſedome armed againſt all miſchaunces and aduerſities, or with much trouble hardned againſt al troubleſome tides: like vnto the Ape, of which is ſaid in *Æſops* fables, that oftentimes meeting the Lion, he was at firſt ſore agaſt & diſmaid at the grimneſſe and auſteritie of his countenance, but at laſt being acquainted with his lookes, he was ſo farre from fearing him, that he would familiarly gybe and ieſt at him: Such long experience breedeth in ſome men ſecuritie. Although it pleaſe *Erasmus*, a great clark, and good old father, more fatherly and fauourably, to conſtrue it in his *Adages*, for his owne behoofe. That by the prouerbe, *Nemo ſenex metuit Iouem*, is not ment, that olde men haue no feare of God at all, but that they bee farre from ſuperſtition and Idoles trous regard of falſe Gods, as is *Iupiter*. But his great learning notwithstanding, it is too plaine, to be gaineſaid, that old men are much more enclined to ſuch fond fooleries, then yonger heades.





*Aegloga tertia.*  
**ARGUMENT.**

**I**N this Aeglogue two shepherds boyes taking occasion of the season, beginne to make purpose of loue and other pleasance, which to spring-time, is most agreeable.

The speciall meaning hereof, is to giue certaine marks and tokens, to know Cupid the poets God of loue. But more particularly I thinke, in the person of Thomalin, is meant some secret friend, who scorned loue and his Knights so long, till at length himselfe was entangled, and vnwares wounded with the dart of some beautifull regard, which is Cupids arrow.

V Willye. Thomalin,

**T**Homalin, why sitten we so,  
 As were ouertwent with wo,  
 Upon so faire a morrow?

The ioyous time now highest fast,  
 That shall alledge this bitter blast,  
 and slake the winter sorrow.

Thomalin.

Siker Willie, thou warnest well:  
 For Winters wrath begins to quell,  
 And pleatant spring appeareth.  
 The grasse now ginnes to be refresh't:  
 The swallow rapes out of her nest,  
 And clowdie Welkin cleareth.

D

Willye



Willye.

Hast not thilke same Hatothorne studded,  
How bragly it begins to budde,  
And utter his tender head?  
Flora now calleth forth each flower,  
And bids make readie Maias bower,  
That new is vpryst from bed.  
Tho shall we sporten in delight,  
And learne with Lettice to were light,  
That scornefully looks askaunce:  
Tho will we little Loue awake,  
That now sleepeth in Lethe lake,  
And pray him leaden our daunce.

Thoma'in.

Willye, I weene thou be assot:  
For lustie Loue still sleepeth not,  
But is abroad at his game.

Willye,

How kenst thou, that he is awake?  
Dy hast thy selfe his slumber broke?  
Dy made priuie to the same?

Thomalin.

No, but happily I him spide,  
Where in a bush he did him hide,  
With wings of purple and blew.  
And were not, that my sheepe would stray,  
The priuie markes I would betray,  
Whereby by chaunce I him knew.

Willye.

Thomalin, haue no care for thy,  
My selfe will haue a double eye,  
Like to my flocke and thine:  
For als at home I haue a fyre,  
A stepdame eke as hete as fyre,  
That duly adayes counts mine.

Thomalin.

Nay, but thy seing will not serue,  
My sheepe for that may chaunce to swerue,  
And fall into some mischiese.  
For sithens is but the thir'd morrow,

That



That I chaunst to fall a sleepe with sorow,  
 And waked againe with grieve:  
 The while thlike same unhappie Clewe,  
 Whose clouted legge her hurt doth shew,  
 Fell headlong into a dell.  
 And there vnioynted both her bones:  
 Mought her necke beene ioynted attones,  
 She should haue neede no moze spell,  
 Th'elke was so wanton and so wood,  
 (But now I trowe can better good)  
 She mought ne gang on the greene.

Willye.

Let be, as may be, that is past:  
 That is to come, let be forecast.  
 Now tell vs what thou hast seene,  
 Thomaslin.

It was vpon a holyday,  
 When shepheards groomes han leaue to play,  
 I cest to go a shooting.  
 Long wandring vp and dowlne the land,  
 With be w and bolts in either hand,  
 For birds in bushes toting:  
 At length within the Puie todde,  
 (There shrowded was the little God)  
 I heard a busie bustling.  
 I bent my bolt against the bush,  
 Lissing if any thing dtd rush,  
 But then heard no moze rustling.  
 Tho peeping close into the thicke,  
 Might see the mouing of some quicke,  
 Whose shape appeared not:  
 But were it facrie, færd, or snake,  
 My courage earnd it to awake,  
 And manfully thereat shot.  
 With that sprang forth a naked swaine,  
 With spotted wings like Peacocks traine,  
 And laughing lope to a tree,  
 His gilden quiver at his backe,  
 And siluer bowe which was but slacke:  
 Which lightly he bent at mee.



That seeing, I leueld againe,  
And shot at him with might and maine,  
as thicke, as it had hailed.

So long I shot, that all was spent :  
Tho pumie stones I hastely hent :  
And threwo : but nought auailed.

He was so wumble, and so wight,  
From bough to bough he leaped light,  
And oft the pumies latched.

Therewith affraid I ranne away :  
But he, that earst seemed but to play,  
A shaft in earnest snatched,

And hit me running in the heels :

Foz then I little smart did feele :

But soone it soze increased.

And now it ranckleth moze and moze,  
And inwardly it festreth soze,

He wote I, how to cease it.

Willye.

Thomalin, I pittie thy plight,  
Perdy with loue thou diddest fight :

I know him by a token.

Foz once I heard my father say,

How he him caught vpon a day,

(Whercof he will be wroken)

Entangled in a fowling net,

Which he foz carrion crows had set,

That in our Pearetree haunted.

Who said, he was a winged lad,

But bow and shafts as then none had :

Else had he soze be daunted.

But see, the Welkin thicks apace,

And stooping Phoebus steepes his face :

Its time to haste vs homeward.

Willyes Embleme.

To be wise, and eke to loue,

Is granted scarce to God alone.

Thomalins Embleme.

Of honie and of gaulle in lone there is store,

The boxe is much, but the gaulle is more.

GLOSSE.



March.  
GLOSSE.

19

This *Æglogue* seemeth somewhat to resemble that same of *Theocritus*, wherein the boy likewise telling the olde man, that he had shot at a winged boy in a tree, was by him warned to beware of mischief to come.

*Ouerwent*, ouergone.

*Alegg*, to lessen or assuage.

*To quell*, to abate.

*VVelkin*, the skie.

*The Swallow*: which bird vseth to be counted the messenger, & as it were the forerunner of spring.

*Flora*, the Goddesse of flowers, but indeed (as saith *Tacitus*) a famous harlot, which with the abuse of her bodie hauing gotten great riches, made the people of Rome her heire: who in remembrance of so great beneficence, appointed a yearely feast for the memoriall of her, calling her, not as she was, nor as some do thinke, *Andronica*, but *Flora*: making her the Goddesse of all flowers, and doing yearely to her solemne sacrifice.

*Maia's bower*, that is the pleasant field, or rather the May bushes. *Maia* is a Goddesse, and the mother of *Mercurie*, in honor of whom the moneth of May is of her name so called, as saith *Macrobius*.

*Lettice*, the name of some Countrey lasse.

*Ascaunce*, askew, or askuint.

*For thy*, therefore

*Lethe*, is a lake in hell, which the poets call the lake of forgetfulnesse. For *Lethe* signifieth forgetfulnesse. Wherein the soules being dipped, did forget the cares of their former life. So that by sleeping in *Lethe* lake, he meaneth he was almost forgotten, and out of knowledge, by reason of winters hardnesse, when all pleasures, as it were, sleepe and weare out of mind.

*Assotte*, to dote.

*His slumber*, To breake loues slumber, to exercise the delights of loue and wanton pleasures.

*Wings of purple*, so is he faigned of the poets.

*For als*, he imitateth *Virgils* verse.

*Est mihi namque domi pater, est in iusta nouerca, &c.*

*Adell*, a hole in the ground.

*Spell*, is a kinde of verse or charme, that in elder times they vsed often to say ouer euery thing that they would haue preserued, as the night spell for theeues, and the wood spell. And here hence I thinke is named the *Godspel* or word. And so saith *Chaucer*, Listen:th Lordings to my spel.

*Gang*, go.

*An Irie todde*, a thicke bush.

*Swaine*, a boy: For so is he described of the poets, to be a boy. s. a wayes fresh & lustie blindfolded, because he maketh no difference of personages, with diuerse coloured wings, s. full of flying fancies, with bowe and arrow, that is with glaunce of beautie, which pricketh as a forked arrow. He is saide



also to haue shaftes, some leaden, some golden: that is, both pleasure for the gracious and loued, and sorrowe for the loue that is disdained or forsaken. But who list more at large to behold *Cupids* colours and furniture, let him read either *Propertius*, or *Moschus* his *Idyllion* of winged loue, being nowe most excellently translated into Latine, by the singular learned man *Angelus Politianus*: Which worke I haue seene amongst other of this poets doings: verie well translated also into English rimes.

*Wimble and wight, quicke and deliuer.*

*In the heele*, is very poetically spoken, and not without special iudgement. For I remember that in *Homer* it is said of *Thetis*, that she tooke her yong babe *Achilles* being newly borne, and holding him by the heele, dipped him in the riuer of *Styx*. The vertue whereof is, to defend and keepe the bodies washed therein, from any mortall wound. So *Achilles* being washed al ouer saue onely his heele, by which his mother held, was in the rest inuulnerable: therefore by *Paris* was faigned to bee shotte with a poysoned arrow in the heele, whiles he was busie aboute the marrying of *Polixena*, in the Temple of *Apollo*. Which misticall fable *Eustathius* vnfoldeing, saith: that by wounding the heele, is ment: lustfull loue. For from the heele (as say the best physitions) to the priue partes, there passe certaine veines and slender sinewes, as also the like come from the head, and are caried like little pypes behind the eares: so that (as saith *Hypocrates*) if those veynes there be cut a sunder the partie straight becommeth cold and vnfruitfull. Which reason our poet well weighing, maketh this shepherds boy of purpose to be wounded by loue in the heele.

*Latched, caught.*

*Wroken, reuenged.*

*For once*, In this tale is set out the simplicity of thepherds opinion of loue  
*Stonping Phœbus*, is a Periphrasis of the sunne setting.

*Embleme.*

Hereby is ment, that all the delights of loue, wherein wanton youth walloweth, be but follie mixt with bitterness, and sorrow sawced with repentance. For besides that the very affection of Loue it selfe tormenteth the minde, and vexeth the bodie manie waies, with vnrestfulness all night, and weariness all day, seeking for that wee cannot haue, and finding that wee would not haue: euen the selfe things which best before vs liked, in course of time, and change of riper yeares, which also therewithal chaungeth our wonted liking and former fantasies, will then seeme loathsome, and breed vs annoyance, when youths flower is withered, and we find our bodies and wits answere not to such vaine iollitie and lustfull pleasance.





*Ægloga quarta.*

ARGUMENT,

**T**His Æglogue is purposely intended to the honour and prayse of our most gratious soueraigne, Queene Elizabeth. The speakers hereof bee Hobbinoll and Thenot, two shepheards: the which Hobbinoll being before mentioned, greatly to haue loved Colin, is here set forth more largely, complaining him of that boyes great misadventure in love, whereby his mind was alienated & withdrawn not onely from him, who most loved him, but also from al former delights and studies, as well in pleasant piping, as cunning ryming and singing, and other his laudable exercises. Whereby he taketh occasion for prooffe of his more excellencie and skill in poetrie, to record a song, which the said Colin sometime made in honour of her Maiestie, whom abruptly he tearmeth Elisa.

Thenot. Hobbinol.

**T**ell me good Hobbinoll, what garres thee græte?  
What hath some Wolfe thy tender Lambs ytorne?  
Or is thy Bagpipe broke, that sounds so sweete?  
Or art thou of thy loued lasse forlorne?

Or beene thine eyes attempted to the yeare,  
Quenching the gasping furrowes thirst with raine:  
Like Aprill Showre, so streames the trickling teares  
Adolne thy cheeke, to quench thy fustie paine.

Hobbinoll.



Hobbinoll.

No: this no: that, so much doth make me mourne,  
 But for the lad, whom long I loued so deare,  
 Now loues a lasse, that all his loue doth scoone:  
 He plunged in paine, his tressed lockes doth teare.

His sheards delight he doth them all forswear.  
 His pleasant Pipe, which made vs meriment,  
 He wilfully hath broke, and doth forbear  
 His wonted songs, wherein he all outwent.

Thenot.

What is he for a Lad, you so lament?  
 Is loue such pinching paine to them, that proue?  
 And hath he skill to make so excellent,  
 Yet hath so little skill to brydle loue?

Hobbinoll.

Colin, thou kenst, the Southerne shepheard boy:  
 Him loue hath wounded with a deadly dart.  
 Whilome on him was all my care and ioy,  
 Forcing with gifts to winne his wanton heart.

But now from me his madding minde is start,  
 And woes the widdowes daughter of the glenne:  
 So now faire Rosalinde hath bred his smart,  
 So now his friend is changed for a fren.

Thenot.

But if his ditties be so trimly dight,  
 I pray thee Hobbinoll, record some one,  
 The whiles our flockes doe graze aboute in sight,  
 And we close shrowded in this shade alone.

Hobbinoll.

Contented I: then will I sing his lay,  
 Of fayre Eliza, Queene of Shepheards all:  
 Which once he made, as by a ipling he lay,  
 And turned it vnto the waters fall.

**Y**e daintie Nymphs, that in this blessed brooke,  
 do bath your brest,  
 Forsake your watrie bowes, and hither looke,  
 at my request.

And



April.

83

And eke you virgins that on Parnasse dwell,  
Whence floweth Helicon the learned well,  
Helpe me to blaze  
Her worthy prayse,  
Which in her sere doth all excell.

Of sayre Elisa be your silver song,  
that blessed wight:  
The flower of Virgins, may she flourish long,  
In princely plight.  
For she is Syrinx daughter without spot:  
Which Pan the shepheards God of her begot:  
So sprung her grace  
Of heavenly race,  
No mortall blemish may her blot.

See, where she sits upon the grassie greene,  
(O seemely sight)  
Pclad in scarlet like a mayden Queene,  
And Crimines white.  
Upon her head a Crimson Coronet,  
With damaske Roses, and Daffadillies set:  
Bayleaves betweene,  
And Primroses greene  
Embellish the swete Violet.

Tell me haue ye seene her angellike face,  
Like Phoebus sayre?  
Her heavenly haire, her princely grace,  
can you well compar-?  
The Red rose medled with the White yfers,  
In either cheeke depeincten liuely chere:  
Her modest eye,  
Her Maiestie.  
Where haue you seene the like but there?  
I saw Phoebus thrust out his golden hed,  
Upon her to gaze:  
But whē he saw how broad her beams did spred  
It did him amaze.  
He blusht to see another Sunne below,

e

pe



He durst againe his fierie face out shew :  
 Let him, if he dare,  
 His brightnesse compare  
 With hers, to haue the ouerthrow.

Shew thy selfe *Cynthia*, with thy silver rayes,  
 and be not abasht :  
 When she the beames of her beautie displaies,  
 O how art thou dash't ?  
 But I will not match her with *Latoeas* seede,  
 Such follie great sorrow to *Niobe* did breede.  
 Now she is a stone,  
 And makes dayly mone,  
 Warning all other to take heed.

*Pan* may be proude, that euer he begot,  
 Such a *Bellibone*,  
 And *Syrinx* reioyce, that euer was her lot  
 To beare such an one.  
 Soone as my yonglings cryen for the dam,  
 To her will I offer a milke white Lambe :  
 She is my *Goddesse* plaine,  
 And I her shepheards swaine,  
 Albe forswoncke and forswat I am.

I see *Calliope* speed her to the place,  
 Where my *Goddesse* shines :  
 And after her the other *Muses* trace,  
 With their *Violines*.  
 Bene they not *Bay-branches*, which they do beare,  
 All for *Elisa* in her hand to weare ?  
 So sweetly they play :  
 And sing all the way,  
 That it a heauen is to heare.

Lo how finely the graces can it soote  
 To the Instrument :  
 They dauncen daisy, and singing soote,  
 in their meriment.  
 Wants not a fourth grace, to make the dance even ?  
 Let



Aprill.

25

Let that rosome to my Ladie be geuen :

She shall be a grace,

To fill the fourth place,

And raigne with the rest in heauen.

And whither rennes this beuie of Ladies bright,  
raunged in a rowe :

They bene all Ladies of the lake behight,

That vnto her go.

Chloris, that is the chiefest Nymph of all,

Of Diue banches beares a Cozonall :

Diues bene for peace,

When warres do surcease:

Such for a Princesse bene principall.

Ye shepheards daughters, that dwell on the greene,  
hie you there apace :

Let none come there but that Virgins bene,  
to adorne her grace.

And when you come, whereas she is in place,

See, that your rudenesse do not you disgrace :

Bind your fillets fast,

And gird on your wass.

For more finenesse with a tabordie lace.

Bring hither the Pincke, and purple Cullambine,  
with Gilliflowres :

Bring Coronations, and Sops in wine,

Moone of Paramours.

Strow me the ground with Daffadownillies,

And Cowslips, and Kingcups, and loued Lillies :

The prettie pawnee,

And the Cheuisaunce,

Shall match with the faire floure Delice,

Now rise vp Elisa, decked as thou art,

in royall ray :

And now ye daintie Damselfs may depart

each one her way.

I feare, I haue troubled your troupes too long :



Let dame Elisa thanke you for her song.

And if you come heather,

When Damsels I geather.

I will part them all among.

Thenot.

And was thilke same song of Colins owne makinge

Ah foolish boy, that is with lone yblent :

Great pittie is, he be in such taking,

For naught caren, that beene so lewdly bent.

Hobbinoll.

Siker I hold him, for a greater son,

That loner the thing, he cannot purchase.

But let vs homeward, for night draweth on,

And twinkling starres the daylight hence chase.

Thenots Embleme.

*O quam te memorem virgo !*

Hobbinols Embleme.

*O dea certe.*

### GLOSSE.

*Gars thee greet*, causeth thee weep & complaine. *Forlorne*, left & forsaken. *Attempted to the yeare*, agreeable to the season of the yeere, that is Aprill, which moneth is most bent to showers and seasonable raine: to quench, that is, to delay the drought, caused through drinelle of March winds.

*The lad*, Colin Clout. *The lasse*, Rosalinda. *Tressed locks*, withered & curled.

*Is he for a lad?* a strange maner of speaking. *What maner of lad is he?*

*To make*, to rime and versifie. For in this word, making, our olde English Poets were wont to comprehend all the skill of Poetrie, according to the Greeke word *Poiein*, to make, whence cometh the name of Poets.

*Colin thou kenst*, knowest. Seemeth hereby that Colin pertaineth to some Southern noble man, and perhaps in Surrey or Kent, the rather because he so often nameth the Kentish downes, and before, *As lithe*, a lasse of Kent.

*The widowes*, He calleth Rosalinde the widowes daughter of the glenne, that is, of a countrey Hamlet or borough, which I thinke is rather said to colour and conceale the person, then simply spoken. For it is well knowne, euen in spight of Colin and Hobbinoll, that she is a gentlewoman of no meane house, nor endued with any vulgar and common giftes, both of nature and maners: but such in deede, as neede neither Colin be ashamed to haue her made knowne by his verses, nor Hobbinoll be greeued, that so she should be commended to immortalitie for her rare and singular vertues: Specially deserving it no lesse, then either *Myrto* the most excellent Poet *Theocritus*,  
his



his darling, or *Lametta* the diuine Petrarches goddesse, or *Himera* the worthy poet *Stasichorus* his Idol: vpon whom he is said so much to haue doted, that in regard of her excellencie, he scorned and wrote against the beautie of *Helena*. For which his presumptuous and vnheddie hardinesse, he is sayd by vengeance of the gods, thereat being offended, to haue lost both his eies.

*Frenne*, a stranger. The word I thinke was first poetically put, and afterward vsed in common custome of speech for *forrenne*.

*Dight*, adorned.

*Laye*, a song, as Roundelays and Virelays.

In all this song is not to be respected, what the worthinesse of her Maiestie deserueth, nor what to the highnesse of a prince is agreeable, but what is most comely for the meannes of a shepheards wit, or to conceiue, or to vtter. And therefore hee calleth her *Elisa*, as through rudenesse tripping in her name: and a shepheards daughter, it beeing very vnfit, that a shepheards boy, brought vp in the sheepfold, should know, or euer seem to haue heard of a Queenes royaltie.

*Te d'mitie*, is, as it were an *Exordium ad preparandos animos*.

*Virgins*, the nine Muses, daughters of *Apollo*, and *Memorie*, whose abode the Poets feigne to be on *Parnassus*, a hill in Greece, for that in that countrey specially flourished the honour of all excellent studies.

*Helicon*, is both the name of a fountaine at the foote of *Parnassus*, and also of a mountain in Boxtia, out of the which floweth the famous spring *Castalius*, dedicate also to the Muses: of which spring it is saide, that when *Pegasus* the winged horse of *Perseus* (whereby is meant fame, and flying renowne) stroke the ground with his hoofe, sodainly therout sprang a well of most cleare and pleasant water, which frō thence was consecrate to the Muses and Ladies of learning.

*Your silver song*, seemeth to imitate the like in *Hesiodus argurion melos*.

*Syrinx*, is the name of a Nymph of *Arcadie*, whom when *Pan* beeing in loue pursued, she flying from him, of the Gods wa. turned into a reede. So that *Pan* catching at the reeds, in stead of the Damosell, and puffing hard, (for he was almost out of winde) with his breath made the reedes to pipe, which he seeing, tooke of them, and in remembrance of his lost loue, made him a pipe thereof. But here by *Pan* and *Syrinx* is not to bee thought, that the shepheards plainly ment those poeticall Gods: but rather supposing (as seemeth) her graces progenie to be diuine and immortal (so as the painims were wont to iudge of all kings and princes, according to *Homers* saying.

*Thumos de megas esti diotrepheos basileos.*

*Time d'ek dios esti, philes de emetieta Zen,*)

could deuise no parents in his iudgement so worthy for her, as *Pan* the shepheards God, and his best beleued *Syrinx*. So that by *Pan* is here meant the



most famous and victorious king, her highnesse father late of worthie memorie king Henrie the eight. And by that name, oftentimes (as hereafter appeareth) bee noted kings and mightie potentates: And in some place Christ himselfe, who is the very Pan and God of shepheards.

*Crimosus Coronet*, he deuileth her crowne to bee of the finest and most delicate flowers, in stead of pearles and precious stones wherewith princes diademes vse to be adorned and embost.

*Emblemisht*, beautified and set out.

*Phebe*, the Moone, whom the poets feign to be sister vnto *Phoebus*, that is the Sunne.

*Medled*, mingled.

*Yfere*, together. By the mingling of the Redde rose and the White, is ment the vnitng of the two principall house of Lancaster and Yorke: by whose long discord and deadly debate, this realme many years was sore trauailed, and almost cleane decaied. Till the famous Henry the seuenth, of the line of Lancaster, taking to wife the most vertuous princeesse Elizabeth, daughter to the fourth Edward of the house of Yorke, begat the most royall Henrie the eight aforesaid, in whom was the first vnion of the White rose, and the Redde.

*Calliope*, one of the nine Muses: to whom they assigne the honour of all poetick inuention, and the first glorie of the Heroical verse. Other say, that she is the Goddesse of Rethoricke: but by *Virgill* it is manifest, that they mistake the king. For there is in his Epigrams, that Art seemeth to be attributed to *Polymnia*, saying:

*Signat cuncta manu, loquiturq; Polymnia gestu.*

Which seemeth specially to be ment of Action, and Elocution, both special parts of Rethoricke: beside that her name, which (as some construe it) importeth great remembrance, containeth another part. But I holde rather with them, which call her *Polymnia*, or *Polyhymnia*, of her good singing.

*Bay branches*, be the signe of honour and victorie, and therefore of mightie conquerours worne in their triumphs, and eke of famous poets, as saith *Petrarch* in his Sonets.

*Arbor vittoriosa triumphale,*

*Honor d' Imperadori & di Poeti, &c.*

*The Graces*, be three sisters, the daughters of *Iupiter*, (whose names are *Agalaa*, *Phalia*, *Euphrosine*: and *Homer* onely addeth a fourth, i. *Pasithea*,) otherwise called *Charites*, that is, thanks. Whom the poets fained to be goddeses of all beautie and comelinesse, which therefore (as saith *Theodorus*) they make three, to wete, that men first ought to bee gracious and bountifull to other freely, then to receiue benefit at other mens hands curteously: and thirdly, to requite them thankfully: which are three sundrie actions in liberalitie.



literalitie. And *Boccaccio* saith that they bee painted naked (as they were indeed on the tombe of C. Julius Caesar) the one having her backe toward vs, and her face toward, as proceeding from vs: the other two toward vs: nothing double thanke to be due for the benefit we haue done.

*Deffly*, finely and nimbly. *Soote*, sweete. *Meriment*, mirth.

*Beuie*, a beuie of ladies, is spoken figuratiuely for a companie or a troop, the terme is taken of Larkes. For they say a beuie of larkes, euen as a couey of partridges, or an eye of pheasants.

*Ladies of the lake*, be Nymphes. For it was an old opinion among the ancient heathen, that of euery spring and fountaine was a goddesse the Soueraigne. Which opinion stuck in the minds of men not many years thence, by meanes of certaine fine fablers, and loude lyers, such as were the authors of King Arthure the great, and such like, who tell many an vn'awfull leasing of the Ladies of the Lake, that is, the Nymphes. For the word Nymph in Greece, signifieth Well water, or otherwise, a Spouse or Bride.

*Bedight*, called or named.

*Chloris*, the name of a Nymph, and signifieh greenesse, of whom is said, that Zephyrus the Westerne wind being in loue with her, and coueting her to wife, gaue her for a dowrie, the chieftome and soueraintie of ali flowres, and Greene hearbs, growing on the earth.

*Oliues been*, the Oliue was wont to be the ensigne of peace and quietnes, either for that it cannot be plated and pruned, & so carefully looked to as it ought, but in time of peace: or else for that the oliue tree they say, will not growe neare the Firre tree, which is dedicate to Mars the God of battaile, and vsed most for Speares, and other instruments of warre. Whereuppon is finely fained, that when Neptune and Minerva streue for the naming of the Citie of Athens. Neptune striking the ground with his Mace, caused a horse to come forth, that importeth war, but at Minervaes stroke sprung out an Oliue, to note that it shou'd be a nurse of learning, and such peaceable studies.

*Bird your*, spoken rudely, and according to shepheards simplicitie.

*Bring*, all these be names of flowers. *Seps* in wine, a flower in colour much like to a Carnation, but differing in smell and quantitie. *Flowre delice*, that which they vse to missterme flowre deluce, being in Latine called *Flos delictiarum*. *A belibone*, or a Bennibel, homely spokē for a fair maid, or bonilasse.

*Forsworke*, and *forstrat*, cuerik beued and sunnet unt.

*I saw Phalus*, the sunne. A sensible narration, and a present view of the thing mentioned, which they call *Parousia*.

*Cymbia*, the Moore, so called of *Cimikus* a hill, where she was honoured. *Latenaces seede*, was *Apollo* and *Diana*. Whom when as *Nute* the Wife of



of *Amphion* scorned, in respect of the noble fruit of her wombe, namely her seauen sonnes, and so many daughters, *Latona* being therewith displeased, commanded her sonne *Phœbus* to slay all the sonnes, and *Diana* all the daughters: whereat the vnfortunate *Niobe* being sore dismaied, and lamenting out of measure, was fained by the Poets to be turned into a stone, vpon the Sepulchre of her children: for which cause the Shepheard saith, he will not compare her to them for feare of misfortune.

*Now rise*, is the conclusion. For hauing so decked her with prayses and comparisons, he returneth all the thanke of his labour to the excellencie of her maiestie.

*Vben Damsius*, A base reward of a c'ownish giuer.

*Talent, Y*, is a poetical addition, blent, b'inded.

*Embleme.*

This poesie is takē out of *Virgil*, & there of himself vsed in the person of *Aeneas* to his mother *Venus*, appearing to him in likenes of one of *Diana's* damosels, being there most diuinely set forth. To which similitude of diuinity *Hobbinoll* comparing the excellencie of *Elisa*, and being through the worthinesse of *Colins* song, as it were, ouercome with the hugenessse of his imagination, bursteth out in great admiration (*O quam te memorem virgo!*) being otherwise vnable, then by sudden silence, to expresse the worthines of his conceite. Whom *Tkenot* answereth with another part of the like verse, as confirming by his grant and approuance, that *Elisa* is no whit inferior to the Maiestie of her, of whom the poet so boldly pronounced, *O dea certe.*

*Mav.*



*negloga*



## ARGUMENT,

**I**N this fift Aeglogue, under the person of two shepheards, Piers and Palinode, be represented two formes of pastours or Ministers, or the Protestant and the Catholike, whose chiefe talke standeth in reasoning, whether the life of the one must be like the other, with whom hauing shewed, that it is dangerous to maintaine any fellowship, or giue too much credite to their colourable and fained good wil, he telleth him a tale of the Foxe, that by such a counterpoint of craftinesse, deceyued and denoured the credulous Kidde.

Palinode. Piers.

**I**S not this the merrie month of May,  
 When loue-lads asken in fresh aray?  
 How falles it then, we no merrier beene,  
 Like as others, girt in gawdie greene?  
 Our blonket liucries beene all too sad,  
 For thilke same season, when all is yclad  
 With pleasance, the ground with grasse, the woods  
 With greene leaues, y bushes with blossoming buds.  
 Pouthes folke now flocken in euery where,  
 To gather May-busquets, and sinelling Bzere:  
 And home they hasten the posts to dight,  
 And all the Birke pillars ere day light,  
 With Hawthorne buds, and swæte Eglantine.  
 And girlands of Roses, and Sops in wine.  
 Such merrie make holy Saints doth queme,  
 But we here sitten as drownd in a dreme.

Piers.

For yonkers Palinode such follies fit,  
 But we tway beene men of elder wit.

Palinode.

Siker this morrow, no longer ago,  
 I saw a shole of shepheards out go,  
 With singing, and shewting, and iolly chære:  
 Before them yode a lustie Tabzere,  
 That to the meynie a hoine pype plaide,  
 Where to they dauncen each one with his maide.  
 To see these folkes make such iouiaunce,  
 Made my heart after the pype to daunce.  
 Tho to the greene wood they spenden them all,  
 To fetchen home May with their muscull:

¶

And



And home they bzingen in a royall thzone,  
 Crowned as king: and his Queene attone  
 Was Ladie Flora, on whom did attend  
 A faire flocke of faeries, and a fresh bend  
 Of louely Pymphs. (O that I were there,  
 To helpen the ladies their Maybush beare.)  
 Ah Piers, beere thy teeth on edge, to thinke,  
 How great sport they gaynen with little swinke:

Pierce.

Perdie so farre am I from enuie,  
 That their fendnesse inly I pitie:  
 Those faytours little regarden their charge,  
 While they letting their sheepe runne at large,  
 Wassen their time, that should be sparely spent,  
 In lustinesse and wanton meriment.  
 Whilke same beere shepherds for the diuels kedde,  
 That playen while their flockes be vnkedde.  
 Well it is sene, their sheepe is not their owne,  
 That letten them runne at randon alone.  
 But they beere hired for little pay,  
 Of other, that caren as little as they,  
 What fallen the flock, so they han the fleece,  
 And get all the gaine, paying but a peece.  
 I muse, what account both these will make,  
 The one for the hire, which he doth take,  
 And th'other for leauing his Lords taske,  
 When great Pan account of shepheards should aske.

Palinode.

Siker now I see thou speakest of spight,  
 All for thou lackest some dele their delight.  
 I (as I am) had rather be enuied,  
 All were it of my fo, then forly pitied:  
 And yet if need were pitied would be,  
 Rather, then other should scozne at me:  
 For pitied is mishap, that nas remedie,  
 But scorned beere deddes of sond foolerie.  
 What shoulde shepheards other things tend,  
 Then sith their God his good does them send,  
 Reapen the fruit thereof, that is pleasure,  
 The while they here liuen, at ease and leasure:

For



For when they be dead, their good is ygoe,  
 They sleepe in rest, well as other moe:  
 Tho with them wends, what they spent in cost,  
 But what they left behind them, is lost.  
 Good is no good, but if it be spend:  
 God giueth good for none other end.

Piers.

Ah Palinode, thou art a worldes childe:  
 Who touches pitch mought needes be defilde.  
 But shepheards (as Algrind vled to say,)  
 Dought not liue ylike, as men of the lay.  
 With them it sits to care for their heire,  
 Enaunter their heritage do impaire:  
 They must prouide for meanes of maintenance,  
 And to continue their wont countenance.  
 But shepheards must walke another way,  
 Like worldly sauenance he must forsay.  
 The sonne of his loynes why should he regard  
 To leaue enriched with that he hath spard:  
 Should not thilke God, that gaue him that good,  
 Like cherish his childe, if in his waies he stood:  
 For if he misliue in lewdnesse and lust,  
 Little bootes all the wealth and the trust,  
 That his father left by inheritance,  
 All will be soone wasted with misgouernance.  
 But throughe this, and other their miscreance,  
 They maken many a wrong cheuissance,  
 Heaping by waues of wealth and wo,  
 The floods whereof shall them ouerflow.  
 Like mens follie I cannot compare  
 Better, then to the Apes foolish care,  
 That is so enamoured of her yong one,  
 (And yet God wote, such cause hath she none)  
 That with her hard hold, and straight embracing,  
 She stoppeth the breath of her yongling.  
 So often times, when as good is ment,  
 Euill ensueth of wrong entent.

The tyme was once, and may againe retozne,  
 (For ought may happen that hath bene befozns)  
 When shepheards had none inheritance,



Pe of land, noꝛ fee in sufferance:  
 But what might arise of the bare shepe,  
 (Where it moze oꝛ lesse) which they did keepe.  
 Well ytwis was it with the shepheards tho:  
 Nought hauing, nought feared they to foꝛgo,  
 Foꝛ Pan himselſe was their inheritance,  
 And little them serued foꝛ their maintenance.  
 The shepheards God so well them guided,  
 That of nought they were vnprouided,  
 Butter enough, honie, milke, and whay,  
 And their flocke fleeces them to aray.  
 But tract of time, and long prosperitie:  
 That nource of vice, this of insolencie,  
 Lulled the shepheards in such securitie,  
 That not content with loyall obeysance,  
 Some gan to gape foꝛ greedie gouernance,  
 And match themselſe with mightie potentates,  
 Louers of Lordships and troublers of states.  
 Tho gan shepheards swaines to looke aloft:  
 And leaue to liue hard, and learne to ligge soft.  
 Tho vnder colour of shepheards, some while  
 There crept in Wolues, full of fraud and guile,  
 That often deuoured their owne shepe,  
 And often the shepheards, that did them keepe.  
 This was the first sourse of shepheards sorow,  
 That now will be quit with baile, noꝛ borow.

Palinode.

Thre things to beare, beene very burdencus,  
 But the fourth to foꝛbeare, is outragious,  
 Women that of loues longing once lust,  
 Hardly foꝛbearen but haue it they must:  
 So when choler is enflamed with rage,  
 Wanting reuenge is hard to assuage:  
 And who can counsell a thurstie soule,  
 With patience to foꝛbeare the offred boole?  
 But of all burdens, that a man can beare,  
 Most is, a foles talke to beare and to heare.  
 I weene the geant has not such a weight,  
 That bears on his shoulders the heauens height.  
 Thou findest fault, where nys to be found,

And



May,

35

And buidest strong warke upon a weake ground:  
Thou railst on right without reason,  
And blamest him much, for small encheason.  
How wouldest shepherds live, if not so?  
What, should they pynen in paine and woo?  
Nay saie I thereto, by my deare bozrow,  
If I may rest, I will live in sorow,  
Sorow, ne neede be hastened on;  
For he will come without calling anon.  
While times enduren of tranquillite,  
When we freely our felicitie:  
For when approchen the stormie howres,  
We mought with our shoulders beare off the sharpe howres.  
And sooth to saie, nought seemeth like strife,  
That shepherds so witen each others life,  
And layen their faults the world besore:  
The while their foes done each of them sore.  
Let none mislike of that may not be amended,  
So contek lone by concord mought be ended.

Piers.

Shepherd, I list no accordance make  
With shepherd, that does the right way forsake.  
And of the swaine, if choise were to me,  
Had leuer my foe, then my friend he be.  
For what concord han light and darke sam?  
Or what peace has the Lion with the Lambe?  
Such faitors, when their false hearts bene hid,  
Will do, as did the fere by the kid.

Palinode.

Now Piers, of fellest ship, tel vs that saying:  
For the Lad can keep both our flocks from straying.

Piers.

**T**Wilke same Bidde (as I can wel deuise)  
Was too vertic foolish and vnwise.  
For on a time in Sommer season,  
The Goat her dame, that had good reason,  
Wode forth abroad vnto the greene wood,  
To brouze, or play, or what she thought good.  
But, for she had a motherly care  
Of her yong sonne, and wit to be ware,



She set her yongling befoze her knee,  
 That was both fresh and louely to see,  
 And full of fauour as kid mought be:  
 His beluet head began to shoot out,  
 And his wretched hornes gan newly sprout:  
 The blossomes of lust to bud did begin,  
 And spryng forth ranckly vnder his chin.

My sonne (quoth she) and with that gan wepe:  
 (For carefull thoughts in her heart did crepe)  
 God blesse the poore Daphane, as he mought me,  
 And send thee ioy of thy iollitie.

Thy father (that word she spake with paine:  
 For a sigh had nigh rent her heart in twaine)  
 Thy father, had he liued this day,  
 To see the branches of his bodie display,  
 How would he haue ioyed at this swat sight:  
 But ah false fortune, such ioy did him spight,  
 And cut of his dayes with vntimely wo,  
 Betraying him vnto the traines of his fo.

Now I a wailefull widow behight,  
 Of my old age haue this one delight,  
 To see thee succede in thy fathers steade,  
 And flourish in flowers of lustie heade.  
 For euen so thy father his head upheld,  
 And so his hautie hornes did he wcelo.

Who marking him with melting eyes,  
 A thirling throb from her heart did arise,  
 And interrupted all her other speech,  
 With some old sorow that made a new breach:  
 Seemed she saw (in the yonglings face)  
 The old lineaments of his fathers grace.  
 At last her sullen silence she broke,  
 And gan his new budded beard to stroke.  
 Kiddle (quoth she) thou kenst the great care,  
 I haue of thy health and thy welfare,  
 Which many wilde beasts ligen in waite,  
 For to intrap in thy tender state:  
 But most the fore maister of collusion:  
 For he has bolued thy last confusion.  
 For thy my kiddle be ruled by me,

And



And neuer giue trust to his trecherie :  
 And if he chaunce come when I am abroad,  
 Sparre the yate fast, for feare of fraud.  
 He for all his worst, nor for his best,  
 Open the doore at his request.

So schooled the goat her wanton sonne,  
 That answered his mother, all should be done.  
 Tho went the pensiue Dame out of doore,  
 And chaunst to stumble at the threshold floore :  
 Her stumbling step somewhat her amazed,  
 (For such as signes of ill lucke hath bene dispraised)  
 Yet forth she yode thereat halfe agast,  
 And kiddie the doore sparred after her fast.  
 It was not long, after she was gone,  
 But the false Fore came to the doore anone,  
 Not as a Fore, for then he had be kend,  
 But all as a poore pedler he did wend.  
 Bearing a trusse of trifles at his backe,  
 As belles, and babies, and glasses in his packe.  
 A Wiggen he had got about his braine,  
 For in his headpiece he felt a soze paine.  
 His hinder heele was wrapt in a clout,  
 For with great cold he had got the gout.  
 There at the doore he cast me downe his packe,  
 And laid him downe, and groined, alacke, alacke.  
 Ah deare Lord, and sweete Saint Charitie,  
 That seme good bobie would once pitie me.

Well heard kiddie all this soze constraint,  
 And lengd to know the cause of his complaint :  
 Tho creeping close, behinde the Wickets clinke,  
 Pryuily he peeped out thzough a chincke:  
 Yet not so pryuly but the Fore him spied,  
 For deceitfull meaning is double cied.

Ah good yong maister (then gan he crie)  
 Iesus blesse that sweet face I espie,  
 And keepe your corps from the carefull stounds  
 That in my carrion carkas abounds.  
 The kiddie pitying his heauinesse,  
 Asked the cause of his great distresse,  
 And also who, and whence that he were.

Tho



Tho he, that had wel ycond his lere,  
 Thus medled his talke with many a teare,  
 Sicke, sicke, alas, a litle lacke of dead,  
 But I be reliued by your beasty head.  
 I am a poore sheepe, albe my colour dunne:  
 For with long trauaile I am bzent in the sunne.  
 And if that my Grandfire me said, be true,  
 Siker I am very sybbe to you:  
 So be your godlyhead do not disdaine,  
 The base kinned of so simple swaine.  
 Of mercy and fauour then I you pray,  
 With your aide to focestall my neere decay.

Tho out of his packe a glasse he toke:  
 Wherin while Kiddle vnwares did looke,  
 He was so enamoured with the newel,  
 That nought he deemed deare for the Jewel.  
 Tho opened he the doze, and in came  
 The false fore, as he were starke lame.  
 His taile he clapt betwixt his legs twaine,  
 Lest he should be descried by his traine.

Bring within, the Kiddle made him good glée,  
 All for the loue of the glasse he did see.  
 After his cheare the Pedler gan chat,  
 And tel many lesings of this, and that:  
 And how he could shew many a fine knacke.  
 Tho shewed his ware, and opened his packe,  
 All saue a bell, which he had left behinde  
 In the basket for the Kiddle to finde.  
 Which when the Kiddle stouped downe to catch,  
 He popt him in, and his basket did latch:  
 He stayed he once, the doze to make fast,  
 But ranne away with him in all hast.  
 Home when the doubtful Dame had her hide,  
 She mought see the doze stand open wide.  
 All agast, lowdly she gan to call  
 Her Kiddle: but he nould answere at all.  
 Tho on the floze she saw the marchandise,  
 Of which her sonne had set too deare a price.  
 What helpe? her Kiddle she knew wel is gone:  
 She weeped and wailed, and made great mone.

End)



Such end had the kiddie, so; he nould warned be  
Of craft coloured with simplicitie:  
And such end pardie does all hem remaine,  
That of such fallers friendship bene saine.

Palinode.

Truly Piers, thou art beside thy wit,  
Furthest fro the marke, weening it to hit.  
Now I pray thee, let me thy tale borrow  
For our sir John, to say to morrow,  
At the kirke, when it is holiday:  
For wel he meanes, but litle can say,  
But and if fores bene so craftie, as so,  
Much needeth all shepheards him to know.

Piers.

Of their falshood more could I recount,  
But now the bright sunne ginneth to dismount:  
And for the deawie night now draw' th nge,  
I hold it best for vs home to hve,

Pa'inodes Embleme.

*Pas men apiste apiste.*

Piers his Embleme.

*Tis d'arapiste apiste.*

GLOSSE.

*Thilke*, this same moneth. It is applied to the season of the moneth, when  
all men delight theselues with pleasure of fields, and gardens & garments.

*Blanket lineries*, gray coats. *Yclad*, arrayed, *Y*, redoundeth, as before.

*In enery where*, a strange, yet proper kind of speaking.

*Bushets*, a diminutive. i. litle bushes of hawthorne. *Kirke*, Church.

*Queme*, please.

*A shole*, a multitude taken of fish, wherof some going in great companies,  
are said to swim in a shole.

*Yode*, went. *Ioissauce*, Ioy. *Swincke*, labour. *Inly*, entyrelly.

*Fayours*, vagabonds.

*Great Pan*, is Christ, the very God of all shepheards, which calleth him-  
selfe the great and good shepheard. The name is most rightly (me thinkes)  
applied to him, for *Pan* signifieth all, or omnipotent, which is only the Lord  
Iesus. And by that name (as I remember) he is called of *Eusebius* in his fifth  
booke *De preparat. Euange*, who thereof telleth a proper storie to that pur-  
pose. Which storie is first recorded of *Plutarch*, in his Booke of the ceasing  
of



of miracles: and of *Lauatere* translated, in his booke of walking spirits. Who sayth, that about the same time, that our Lorde suffered his most bitter passion, for the redemption of man, certaine persons sayling from Italie to Cyprus, and passing by certaine Iles called *Paxa*, heard a voyce calling aloud *Thamius, Thamius*, (now *Thamius* was the name of an Aegyuan, which was Pylote of the ship,) who giuing eare to the crie, was bidden, when he came to *Palodes*, to tell that the great *Pan* was dead: which hee doubting to doe, yet for that when hee came to *Palodes* there suddenly was such a calme of winde, that the ship stode still in the sea vnmoued, he was forced to crie aloude, that *Pan* was dead: wherewithall there was heard such piteous outcries, and dreadfull shrieking, as hath not beene the like. By which *Pan*, though of some bee vnderstoode the great Sathanas, whose kingdome was at that time by Christ conquered, the gates of hell broken vp, and death by death deliuered to eternall death, (for at that time, as hee sayth, all Oracles surceased, and enchanted spirites, that were wont to delude the people thenceforth held their peace:) and also at the demaund of the Emperor *Tiberius*, who that *Pan* should be, answer was made him by the wisest and best learned, that it was the sonne of *Mercurie*, and *Penelope*: yet I thinke it more properly ment of the death of Christ, the only and verie *Pan*, then suffering for his flocke.

*I as I am*, seemeth to imitate the common prouerbe, *Malim inuidere mihi omnes, quam miserescere.*

*Nas*, is a syncope, for nehas, or has not: as nould for would not.

*Tho with them*, doth imitate the Epitaph of the ryotous king Sardanapalus, which he caused to be written on his tombe in Greeke: which verses be thus translated by *Tulle*.

„ *Hac habui quæ edi, quæque exatratæ libido*

„ *Hausit, at illa manent multa ac præclara reliqua.*

Which may thus be turned into English.

„ All that I eat did I ioi, and all that I greedily gorged:

„ As for those many goodly matters left I for others.

Much like the Epitaph of a good old Earle of Deuonshire, which though much more wisdom bewrayeth then Sardanapalus, yet hath a smacke of his sensuall delights and beastlinesse, the rimes be these:

„ Ho, ho, who lies here?

„ I the good Earle of Deuonshire,

„ And Maule my wife that was full deare:

„ We liued together lv. yeare,

„ That we spent we had:

„ That we gaue, we haue:

„ That



„ That we left, we lost.

*Algrind*, the name of a shepheard.

*Men of the lay*, Laymen.

*Enanter*, least that.

*Souenance*, remembrance.

*Miscreance*, dispraise, or misbe'eefe.

*Chenufaunce*, sometime of Chaucer vsed for gaine: sometime of other for spoile, or bootie, or enterprise, and sometime for chiefedome.

*Pan himselfe*, God, according as is said in Deuteronomie, that in diuision of the land of *Canaan*, to the tribe of *Leui*, no portion of heritage should be allotted, for God himselfe was there inheritance.

*Some gan*, ment of the pope, and his antechristian prelates, which vsurpe a tyrannicall dominion in the Church, and with Peters counterfeit keyes, open a wide gate to all wickednesse and insolent gouernment. Nought here spoken, as of purpose to denie fatherly rule and gouernance (as some maliciously of late haue done, to the great vnrest and hinderance of the Church) but to display the pride & disorder of such, as in stead of feeding their sheep in deed feed of their sheepe.

*Sourse*, wellspring and originall.

*Borrow*, pledge or suretie.

*The Giant*, is the great Atlas, whom the poets feigne to be a huge Giant, that beareth heauen on his shoulders: being in deed a maruellous high mountain in Mauritania, that now is Barbarie, which to mans seeming pearceth the cloudes, and seemeth to touch the heauens. Other thinke, and they not amisse, that this fab'e was ment of one Atlas king of the same Countrey, who (as the Greekes say) did first finde out the hidden courses of the starres, by an excellent imagination, wherefore the poets feigned, that hee sustained the firmament on his shoulders: Many other coniectures needlesse be tolde hereof.

*Worke*, worke.

*Encheason*, cause, occasion.

*Dear borow*, that is our Sauour, the comon pledge of all mens detts to death.

*Wyten*, blame. *Nough seemeth*, is vnseemly. *Conteck* strife, contention.

*Her*, their, as vseth Chaucer.

*Han*, for haue,

*Sam*, together.

This tale is much like to that in Æsops fables, but the Catastrophe and ende is farre different. By the Kidde may bee vnderstoode the simple sort of the faithfull and true Christians. By his damme Christ, that hath a readie with carefull watch-words (as here doth the Gote) warned her little ones, to beware of such doubling deceit. By the Fox, the false and faithlesse papists, to whom is no credit to be giuen, nor fellowship to be vsed.

*The Gate*, the Gote: Northrenly spoken, to turne O into A.

*Tode*, went, afore said.

*Sbee set*, A figure called *Filio*, which vseth to attribute reasonable actions, and speeches, to vnreasonable creatures.



*The blossomes of lust*, be the yong and mossie haire, which then beginne to sprout and shoote forth, when lustfull heat beginneth to kindle.

*And with*, a very poeticall *Pathos*.

*Orphane*, a yongling or pupill, that needeth a tutor or gouvernour.

*That word*, a patheticall parenthesis, to encrease a careful Hyperbaton.

*The braunch*, of the fathers bodie, is the childe.

*For even so*, alluded to the saying of Andromache to Ascanius in Virgil.

*Sic oculos, sic ille manus, sic ora ferebat.*

*Aibrilling tbrob*, a pearcing sigh.

*Liegen*, lie.

*Maister of collusion*, i. coloured guile, because the Foxe of all beasts is most wilie and craftie.

*Sparre the yate*, shut the doore.

*For such*, the Gotes stumbling is here noted as an euil signe. The like to be marked in all histories: and that not the least of the Lorde Hastings in King Richard the third his daies. For beside his daungerous dreame (which was a shrewd prophesie of his mishap that folowed) it is said, that in the morning riding toward the tower of London, there to sit vpon matters of counsell, his horse stumbled twise or thrise by the way: which of some that riding with him in his company, were priuy to his neare destinie was secretly marked, and afterward noted for memorie of his great mishap that ensued. For being then as merrie as man might be, & least doubting any mortal danger, he was within two houres after, of the tyrant put to a shamfull death.

*As belles*, by such trifles are noted, the reliques and rags of popish superstition, which put no small religion in Belles, and babies, i. Ido'es, and glasses, s. Paxes, and such like trumperies.

*Great cold*, for they boast much of their outward patience, and voluntary sufferance, as a worke of merit, and holy humbleness.

*Sweet S: Charitie*, the Catholiques common othe, and onely speech, to haue charitie alwayes in their mouth, and sometime in their outward actions, but neuer inwardly in faith and godly zeale.

*Clncke*, a keyhole: whose diminutue is clicket, vsed of Chaucer for a key Stonnd, fittes: afore said. *His leue*, his lesson. *Medled*, mingled,

*Beastlihead*, a greeting to the person of a beast. *Sibbe*, a kinn.

*Newell*, anewe thing. *To forestall*, to preuent. *Glee*, cheare: afore said.

*Deare a price*, his life which he lost for those toyes

*Such end*, is an Epiphonema, or rather the moral of the whole tale whose purpose is to warn the protestant to beware, how he giueth credit to the vnfaithfull Catholique: wherof we haue dayly proofes sufficient, but one most famous of all practised of late yeares by Charles the ninth.

*Faine*, glador desirous.



Maye.

43

*Our fir Iohn, a Popish priest, A saying fit for the grosnesse of a shepheard, but spoken to taunte vnlearned priests.*

*Dismount, descend or set,*

*Nye, draweth neere.*

*Embleme.*

Both these Emblemes make one whole Hexametre. The first spoken of Palinode, as in reproach of them that be distrustfull, is a peece of Theognis verse, intending, that who doth most mistrust is most false. For such experience in falshood, breedeth mistrust in the minde, thinking no lesse guile to lurke in others, then in himselfe. But Piers thereto strongly replieth with an other peece of the same verse, saying as in his former fable, what faith then is there in the faithlesse? For if faith be the ground of Religion, which faith they daily false, what hold is there of their religion? And this is all that they say.

Iune.



*Aegloga Sexta.*

### ARGVMENT.

**T**His Aeglogue is whollie vowed to the complaining of Collins ill successe in his loue. For being (as is aforesaid) enamoured of a countrey lasse Rosalinde, and hauing (as seemeth) found place in her heart, he lamenteth to his deare friend Hobbinoll, that he is now forsaken unfaithfully, and in his steed Menalcas another shepheard rectified disloyallie. And this is the whole Argument of this Aeglogue.

Hobbinoll



Hobbinoll. Colin Clout.

**L** O Colin, here the place, whose pleasant sight  
From other shades hath weand my wandring minde,  
Tell me, what wants me here, to worke delight:  
The simple aire, the gentle warbling winde,  
So calme, so coole, as no where else I finde:  
The grassie ground with daintie Daylies dight,  
The Bramble bush, where Birds of euery kinde  
To the waters fall their tunes attemper right.

Colin.

O happie Hobbinoll, I blesse thy state,  
That Paradise hast found which Adam lost,  
Here wander may thy flocke o: early o: late,  
Withouten dread of Wolves to bene ylost:  
Thy lonely layes here maist thou freely boiste,  
But I unhappie man, whom cruel fate,  
And angry Gods pursue from coste to coste,  
Can no where finde, to shouder my lucklesse pate.

Hobbinoll.

Then if by me thou list aduised be,  
Forsake thy soyle, that so doth thee bewitch:  
Leaue me those hilles, where harbrough nis to see,  
No: holy-bush, no: bzece, no: winding witch.  
And to the dales resoxt, where shepheards ritch,  
And fruitfull flocks bene euery where to see:  
Here no night Hauen lodge moze black then pitch,  
No: eluish ghosts, no: gassly Dwles do flee.

But friendly Faeries, met with many Graces,  
And lightfoote Pymphs can chase the lingring night,  
With Heydeguyues, and trimly trodden traces,  
Whilst sisters nyne, which dwell on Parnasse hight,  
Do make them masick, so: their moze delight:  
And Pan himselfe to kisse their chrystal faces,  
Will pype and daunce, when Phoebe shineth bright:  
Such pierlesse pleasures haue we in these places.

Colin

And I, whilst youth, and course of carelesse yeres,  
Did let me walke withouten lincks of loue,

In



In such delights did Ioy amongst my peeres:  
 But riper age such pleasures doth reproue,  
 My fanſie eke from ſozmer follies moue  
 To ſtayed ſteps ſoz time in paſſing weares  
 (As garments doen, which wepen old aboute)  
 And draweth new delights with hoarie haires.

Tho couth I ſing of loue, and tune my pype  
 Vnto my plaintiue pleas in verſes made:  
 Tho would I ſeeke ſoz Queene apples vnrype,  
 To giue my Roſalinde, and in Sommer ſhade  
 Dight gaudie Gylonds, was my common trade,  
 To crowne her golden locks: but yeeres moze rype,  
 And loſſe of her, whoſe loue as life I wayde,  
 Thoſe weary wanton toyes alway did wype.

Hobbinoll.

Colin, to heare thy rymes and roundelapes,  
 Which thou were wont on waſteful hils to ſing,  
 I moze delight, then lark in Sommer dayes:  
 Thoſe Eccho made the neighbour groues to ring,  
 And taught the byrds, which in the lower ſpring  
 Did ſhroude in ſhady leaues from ſunny rayes,  
 Frame to thy ſonge their cheérful cheriping,  
 Or holde their peace, ſoz ſhame of thy ſweete layes.

I ſawe Calliope with Muſes moe,  
 Soone as the Daten pype began to ſounde,  
 Their yuoze Lutes and Timburins forgoe:  
 And from the ſountaine, where they ſat arounde,  
 Kene after haſtily thy ſiluer ſounde.  
 But when they came, wher thou thy ſkil diſt ſhowe,  
 They drawe aback, as halfe with ſhame confounde,  
 Shepheard to ſee, them in their art out-goe.

Colin.

Of Muſes Hobbinoll, I conne no ſkill,  
 For they bene daughters of the higheſt Ioue,  
 And holden ſcozne of homely ſhepheards quill:  
 For ſith I heard, that Pan with Phoebus ſtroue,  
 Which him to much rebuke and daunger drew.  
 I neuer liſt preſume to Parnaffe hill,

But



But pyping low in shade of lowlie grove,  
I plaie to please my selfe, al be it ill.

Pought weigh I, who my song doth praise o; blame,  
Pe strue to winne, reuolue, o; passe the rest:  
With shepheard sittes not, flowing flying fame:  
But feede his flocke in fields, where falls hem best.  
I wote my rymes bene rough, and rudely drest,  
The fitter they, my careful case to frame:  
Enough is me to paint out my vnrest,  
And poure my piteous plaints out in the same.

The God of shepheards Tityrus is dead,  
Who taught me homely, as I can, to make:  
He, whilst he liued, was the soueraigne head  
Of shepheards all, that bene with loue ytake.  
Well couth he waile his woes, and lightly flake  
The flames, which loue within his heart had bredde,  
And tel vs mery tales, to keepe vs wake,  
The while our sheepe about vs safely fedde.

Then should my plaints, cause of discourtesee,  
As messengers of my painful plight,  
Fly to my loue, where ener that she bee,  
And pearce her heart with point of worthe wight:  
As shee deserues, that wrought so deadly spight.  
And thou Menalcas, that by trecherie  
Diddst vnderfong my lasse, to ware so light,  
Shouldest wel be knowne for such thy villanie.

But since I am not, as I wish I were,  
Pe gentle shepheards, which your flocks do feede,  
Whether on hilles, o; dales, o; other where,  
Beare witnesse all of this so wicked deede:  
And tel the lasse, whose felowe is wore a weede,  
And faultlesse faith, is turned to faithlesse feere,  
That she the trust shepheards heart made bleede,  
That liues on earth, and loued her most deere.

Hobbinoll,

O careful Colin, I lament thy case,

Thy



Why traires would make the hardest flint to flowe,  
 Ah faithlesse Rosalinde, and voyd of grace,  
 That art the roote of all this ruthful woe.  
 But now is time, I gesse, homeward to goe:  
 When rise ye blessed flocks, and home apace,  
 Least night with stealing steppes do you forlose,  
 And loet your tender Lambs, that by you trace.

Colins Embleme.  
*Gia speme spenta.*

## GLOSSE.

*Syte*, situation and place.

*Paradise*, A Paradise in Greeke, signifieth a Garden of pleasure, or place of delights. So hee compared the soyle, wherein *Hobbinoll* made abode, to that earthly Paradise, in Scripture called *Eden*, wherein *Adam* in his first creation was placed. Which of the most learned is thought to be in *Mesopotamia*, the most fertile pleasant countrey in the world (as may appeare by *Diodorus Syculus* description of it, in the historie of *Alexanders* conquest thereof) lying betweene the two famous Rivers (which are said in Scripture to flow out of Paradise) *Tygris* and *Euphrates*, whereof it is so denominate.

*For sake the soyle*. This is no Poeticall fiction; but vnteynedly spoken of the Poet selfe, who for specia'l occasion of priuate affaires (as I haue beene partly of himselfe informed) and for his more preferment, remooued out of the North partes, came into the South, as *Hobbinoll* indeed aduised him priuately.

*Those hills*, that is in the North countrey, where he dwelt. *Nis*, is not.

*The dales*. The South parts, where he now abideth, which though they be full of hills and woods (for Kent is very hilly and woody, and therefore so called: for *Kantsh* in the Saxons toong, signifieth woody) yet in respect of the North parts they be called dales. For indeed the North is counted the higher countrey.

*Night Rauens, &c.* By such hatefull byrdes, hee meaneth all misfortunes (whereof they be tokens) flying euery where.

*Friendly Faeries*, the opinion of Faeries and Elfes is very olde, and yet sticketh very religiously in the mindes of some. But to roote that rancke opinion of Elfes out of mens harts, the truth is, that there be no such thing, nor yet the shadowes of the things, but onely by a sort of balde Fryers and knauish shauelings so faigned, which as in other things, so in that, sought to nousel the common people in ignorance, least being once acquainted with



the truth of things, they would in time smell out the vntiuth of their pack-  
 ked pelfe and Masse-peny religion. But the sooth is, that when all Italy  
 was distract into the Factions of the Guelfes and the Gibelyns, being two  
 famous houses in Florence, the name began through their great mischiefes  
 and many outrages, to be so odious or rather dreadfull in the peoples eares,  
 that if their children at any time were froward and wanton, they would say  
 to them that the Guelfe or the Gibelyne came. VVhich words now from  
 them (as many things else) be come into our vsage, and for Guelfes and Gi-  
 belynes, we say Elfes and Goblyns. No otherwise then the Frenchmen vsed  
 to say of that valiant captaine, the verie scourge of Fraunce, the Lorde of  
 Thalbot, afterward Earle of Shrewsbury, whose noblenesse bred such a ter-  
 ror in the harts of the French, that oft times euen great armies were defaic-  
 ted and put to flight at the onely hearing of his name. In so much that the  
 French women, to affray their children, would tell them that the Ta'bot  
 commeth.

*Many Graces*, though there be indeed but three Graces or Charites (as a-  
 fore is said) or at the vtmost but foure yet in respect of many gifts of boun-  
 tie, there may be said more. And so Musæus saith, that in Heroes either eye  
 there sat a hundreth Graces. And by that authoritie, this same Poet in his  
 Pageants saith An hundreth Graces on her eyelid sat, &c.

*Haydegues*, A countrey daunce or round. The conceipt is, that the Gra-  
 ces and Nymphs do daunce vnto the Muses, and Pan his musicke all night  
 by Moonelight. To signifie the pleasantnesse of the soyle.

*Peeres*. Equals and fellow shepheards, *Queene-apples vnripe*,  
 imitating Virgils verse.

*Ipse ego cana legam tenera lanugine mala.*

*Neighbour groues*, a strange phrase in English, but word for word expres-  
 sing the Latin *vicina nemora*.

*Spring*, not of water, but of yong trees springing. *Calliope*, aforesaid.  
 This staffe is full of very poeticall inuention. *Tamburines*, an old kind  
 of instrument, which of some is supposed to be the Clarion.

*Pan* with *Phæbus*, the tale is well knowne, how that Pan and Apol'o stri-  
 uing for excel'encie in musicke chose Midas for their iudge. VVho being  
 corrupted with partiall affection, gaue the victory to Pan vnderferued: for  
 which Phœbus set a paire of Asses eares vpon his head, &c.

*Tityrus*, That by Tityrus is meant Chaucer, hath bene already sufficient-  
 ly sayd, and by this more plaine appeareth, that he saith, he told mery tales.  
 Such as be his Canterbury tales, whom he calleth the God of the Poets for  
 his excellencie, so as Tully calleth *Lentulus*, *Deum vitæ suæ*, i. the God of  
 his life.



To make, to versifie. O why, A pretty Epanorthosis or correction,  
*Discurtisie*: hee meaneth the falsenesse of his louer Rosalinde, who forsaking him had chosen another.

*Point of worthe wite*, the pricke of deserued blame.

*Menalcas*, the name of a shepheard in Virgil: but heere is meant a person vnknowne and secret, against whom he often bitterly inuetyeth.

*Vnderfong*, vndermine and deceiue by false suggestion.

*Embleme.*

You remember, that the first Aeglogue, Colins Posie was *Anchora spe-me*: for as then there was hope of fauour to be found in time. But now being cleane forlorne and reiected of her, as whose hope, that was, is cleane extinguished and turned into despaire, he renounceth all comfort and hope of goodnesse to come, which is all the meaning of this Embleme.

Iuly.



*Aegloga septima.*

ARGUMENT,

**T**His Aeglogue is made in the honour and commendation of good shepheards, and to the shame and dispraise of proud and ambitious Pastors. Such as Morrell is here imagined to be.

Thomalin.

Morrell.

**I**s not thilke same a goteheard prowd,  
 that sits on yonder bancke:  
 whose straying heard themselves doth shrowde  
 among the bushes rancke?

¶ 2

Morrell.



Morrell.

What ho, thou lolly shepheards swaine,  
come vp the hūl to mee:

Better is, then the lowly plaine,  
als for thy flocke, and thee.

Thomalin.

Ah God shield, man, that I should cline,  
and learne to looke aloft:

This reade is rise, that oftentime  
great clymbers fall vnsoft.

In humble dales is footing fast,  
the trode is not so tickle:

And though one fall through heedlesse hast,  
yet is his misse not mickle.

And now the sun hath reared vp,  
his fieriesoted tene,

Making his way betweene the Cap,  
and golden Diademe:

The rampant Lyon hunts he fast,  
with dogges of noysome breath,

Whose balefull barking brings in hast,  
pine, plagues, and deerie death.

Against his cruel scorching heat  
where thou hast couerture:

The wastfull hils vnto his threath  
is a plaine ouerture.

But if thee lust, to holden that  
with seely shepheards swaine:

Come downe, and learne the little what,  
that Thomalin can saie.

Morrell.

Syker, thou'st but a laesie lord,  
and rekes much of thy swinke,

That with for'd termes, and witlesse words  
to blere mine eyes dost thinke.

In euil heure thou hentst in hond  
thus holy hils to blame,

For sacred vnto saints they stond,  
and of them han their name.

S. Michels mount who does not know,

that



that wards the Westerne coast:  
And of S. Brigets belze I trow,  
all bent can rightly boast:

And they that con of Muses skill  
saine most what, that they dwell  
(As Coteheart's wont) vpon a hill,  
beside a learned well.

And I wanned not the great God Pan,  
vpon the mount Oluet:  
Feeding the blessed flocke of Dan,  
which did himselfe beget:

Thomalin.

O blessed sheepe, O shepheard great,  
that bought his flocke so deare:  
And them did saue with bloodie sweat,  
from wolues that would them teare,  
Morrell.

Beside, as holy fathers saine,  
there is a holy place:

Where Titan riseth from his maine,  
to ren his dayly race.

Vpon whose top the starres beane stayd,  
and all the skie doth leane,

There is the caue where Phoebe layed,  
the shepheard long to dreame.

Whilome there vsed shepherds all  
to feed their flockis at will,  
Till by his folly one did fall,  
that all the rest did ipill.

And sithence shepherds beene foresayd  
from places of delight:

For thy I weene thou be afraid,  
to clime this hills hight.

Of Synah can I tell thee more,  
and of our Ladies beure:

But little needes to grow my store,  
suffice this hill of our.

Here han the holy Faunes recourse,  
And Syluane haunter rathe.

Here has the fat Midway his scuse,



wherein the Nymphes do bath:  
 The salt Medway that strickling firenes,  
 adorne the dales of Kent:  
 Till with the elder brother Thames,  
 his brackish waues he meynt.  
 Here growes Melampode euery where,  
 and Teribinth good for Cotes:  
 The one my madding kids to smere,  
 the next to heale their throttes.  
 Hereto, the hilles beene nigher heauen,  
 and thence the passage ethe:  
 As well can proue the pearcing lewin,  
 that seldome falles beneath.

Thomalin.

Syker thou speakest like a lewde lozell,  
 of heauen to demen so:  
 Now be I am but rude and bozell,  
 yet nearer wayes I know.  
 To kirke the narre, to God more farre,  
 has beene an old said saw,  
 And he that strives to touch the starres,  
 oft stumbles at a straw.  
 Allone may shepheardes climbe to skie,  
 that leades in lowly dales:  
 As Coteheard proude that sitting he,  
 vpon the mountaine sailes.  
 My saely sheepe like well below,  
 they nede not Melampode,  
 for they beene hale enough, I trow,  
 and liken their abode.  
 But if they with thy Cotes should yede,  
 they soon might be corrupted:  
 O like not of the frowie fede,  
 or with the weedes be gluffed.  
 The hilles where dwelled holy Saints  
 I reuerence and adore:  
 Not for themselue, but for the Saints,  
 which han beene dead of yore.  
 And now they beene to heauen forwent,  
 their god is with them go:

The:



Their sample onely to vs lent,  
that als we mought do so,  
Shepheards they weren of the best,  
and liued in lowly leas:  
And sith their soules beene now at rest,  
why done we them disease?  
Such one he was, (as I haue heard  
old Algrin, often saine)  
That whileme was the the first shepheard,  
and liued with little gaine:  
And meeke he was, as meeke mought be,  
simple, as simple sheepe,  
Humble, and like in each degree  
the flocke which he did keepe.  
Often he vsed of his sheepe,  
a sacrifice to bring,  
Now with a kidde, now with a sheepe,  
the Altars hallowing:  
So louted he vnto his Lord,  
such fauour couth he finde,  
That neuer sithens was abhord,  
the simple shepheards kinde.  
And such I weene the brethren were,  
that came from Canaan:  
The brethren twelue, that kept yfere  
the flockes of mightie Pan.  
But nothing such thilke shepheard was,  
whem Ida hill did beare,  
That left his flocke to fetch a lasse,  
whose loue he bought too deare:  
For he was proud that ill was paide,  
(no such mought shepheards bee)  
And with lowd lust was ouerlaide:  
tway things doon ill agrea:  
But shepheards mought be meeke and milde,  
weil eyed, as Argus was,  
With fleshly sollics vndeiled,  
and stent as steele of brasse.  
Sike one (said Algrin) Moses was,  
that saw his makers face,



His face more cleare, then chryſtall glaſſe,  
and ſpake to him in place,

This had a brother, (his name I know)  
the firſt of all his cote :

A ſhepheard true, yet not ſo true,  
as he that earſt I hote.

Whilome all theſe were low, and lieke,  
and loued their flockes to feede,

They neuer ſtrouen to be chiefe :  
and ſimple was their weede.

But nowe (thanked be God therefore)  
the world is well amend :

Their weedes bene not ſo nighly woze,  
ſuch ſimpleſſe mought them ſhend.

They beene yclad in purple and pall,  
ſo hath their God them bliſt :

They raigne and rulen ouer all,  
and Lord it as they liſt:

Þ girt with belts of glitter and gold,  
(mought they good ſhepherds beene)

Their Pan their ſheepe to them has ſold,  
I ſay, as ſome haue ſcene.

For Palinode (if thou him ken)  
yode late on pilgrimage

To Rome, (if ſuch be Rome) and then  
he ſaw thilke miſuſage.

For ſhepherds (ſaid he) there doen lead,  
as Lords doen otherwhere :

Their ſheepe han cruſts, and they the bread :  
the chips, and they the cheere :

They han the fleece, and eke the fleſh,  
(O ſeely ſheepe the while)

The corne is theirs, let others threſh,  
their hands they may not file.

They han great ſtoze, and thyiſtic flockes,  
great friends, and feeble foes :

What neede hem caren for their flockes,  
their boyes can looke to thoſe.

Theſe wiſards welter in wealths waues,  
pampred in pleasures deepe :

The?



They han fat kernes, and leany knaues,  
their fasting flockes to keepe.

Like mister men beene all misgone,  
they heapen hilles of wꝛath:

Like sylle shepheards han we none,  
they keepen all the path.

Morrell.

Here is a great deale of good matter,  
lost for lacke of telling:

Now liker I see thou doest but clatter:  
harme may come of melling.

Thou medleest more then shall haue sharke,  
to witen shepheards wealth:

When folke beene fat, and riches ranke,  
it is a signe of health.

But say me, what is Algrin he,  
that is so oft bynempt.

Thomalin.

He is a shepheard great in græ,  
but hath beene long ypent:

One day he sat vpon a hill,

(as now thou wouldest mee,

But I am taught by Algrins ill,  
to loue the low degree.)

For sitting so with bared scalpe,  
an Eagle sozed hie,

That weening his white head was chalke,  
a shell fish downe let flie.

Shæ wend the shell fish to haue broke,  
but therewith bruzde his bꝛaine:

So now astonied with the stroke,  
he lies in lingring paine.

Oh good Algrin, his hap was ill,  
but shall be better in time:

Now farewell shepheard sith this hill  
thou hast such doubt to clune.

Palinodes Embleme.

*In medio virtus.*

Morrels Embleme.

*In summo felicitas.*

3

GLOSSE.



Iulie.  
GLOSSE.

*A Goteheard*, by Gotes in scripture be represented the wicked and reprobate, whose Pastour also must needs be such.

*Bancke*, is the seate of honour. *Straying beard*, which wander out of the way of truth.

*Als*, for also *Climbe*, spoken of ambition. *Great climbers*, according to Seneca his verse. *Decidunt celsa graviores lapsu.* *Mickle*, much.

*The sunne*, a reason why he refused to dwell on mountaines, because there is no shelter against the scorching Sun, according to the time of the yeare, which is the hottest moneth of all.

*The Cnp and Diademe*, be two signes in the firmament, through which the sunne maketh his course in the moneth of Iuly.

*Lion*, this is poetically spoken, as if the Sun did hunt a Lion with one dog. The meaning whereof is, that in Iuly the Sun is in Leo. At which time the Dogge star, which is called Syrius, or Canicula reigneth, with immoderate heate causing pestilence, drought, and many diseases.

*Ouerture*, an open place: the word is borrowed of the French, and vsed in good writers. *To bolden chat*, to talke and prate.

*A loorde*, was wont among the old Britons to signifie a Lord. And therefore the Danes that long time vsurped their tyrannie here in Britanie, were called for more dread the dignitie, Lurdans, i. Lord Danes. At which time it is said, that the insolencie and pride of that nation was so outrageous in this realm, that if it fortun'd a Briton to be going ouer a bridge, & saw the Dane set foote vpon the same, he must returne backe, till the Dane were cleane ouer, or else abide the price of his displeasure, which was no lesse then present death. But being afterward expelled, the name of Lurdane became so odious vnto the people, whom they had long oppressed, that euen at this day they vse for more reproch, to call the quartane Ague the feuer lurdane.

*Recks much of thy swincke*, countes much of thy paines.

*Weetelesse*, not vnderstoode.

*S. Michaels mount*, is a promontorie in the West part of England.

*A hill*, Parnassus afore said.

*Pav*, Christ,

*Dan*, one tribe is put for the whole nation per *Synecdochen*.

*Where Tytan*, the Sunne. Which storie is to be read in Diodorus Syc. of the hill Ida, from whence he saith, all night time is to be seene a mightie fire, as if the skie burned, which toward morning beginneth to gather a rounde forme, and thereof riseth the Sunne, whom the Poets call Tytan.

*The shepheard*, is Endymion, whom the Poets faigne to haue been so beloued of Phoebe, i. the Moone, that he was by her kept a sleepe in a caue by the space of thirtie yeares, for to enioy his companie.

There



*There*, that is in Paradice, where through errour of the shepheards vnderstanding, he saith, that all shepheards did vse to feede their flockes, till one, (that is) Adam by his folly & disobedience, made all the rest of his ofspring be debarred and shut out from thence.

*Synab*, a hill in Arabia, where God appeared.

*Our Ladies bowre*, a place of pleasure so called.

*Faunes, or Syluanes*, be of Poets faigned to be Gods of the wood.

*Medway*, the name of a riuer in Kent, which running by Rochester, meeteth with Thames, whom he calleth his elder brother, both because hee is greater, and also falleth sooner into the sea.

*Meint*, mingled. *Melampods and Terebinth*, be hearbs good to cure diseased Gores, of the one speaketh Mantuan, and of the other Theocritus.

*Terminthou tragoon eikaton acremonia*.

*Nigher beauen*, note the shepheards simplenesse, which supposeth that from the hilles is nearer way to heauen.

*Lenin*, lightning, which he taketh for an argument, to proue the nighnesse to heauen, because the lightning doth common'y light on high mountains, according to the saying of the Poet.

*Feruntque summos fulmina montes*.

*Lorrell*, a losell:

*A borrell*, a plaine fellow,

*Narre*, nearer.

*Hale*, for hole.

*Yede*, go.

*Frowye*, mustie or mossie.

*Of yore*, long ago.

*Forewent*, gone afore.

*The first shepheard*, was Abell the righteous, who (as Scripture saith) bent his mind to keeping of sheep, as did his brother Caine to tilling the ground.

*His keepe*, his charge, i. his flocke. *Lownted*, did honour and reuerence.

*The brethren*, the twelue sonnes of Iacob, which were sheepmasters, and liued onely thereupon.

*VVhom Ida*, Paris which being the sonne of Priamus king of Troy, for his mother Hecubas dreame, which beeing with childe of him, dreamed she brought forth a firebrand, that set the tower of Ilium on fire; was cast forth on the hill Ida, where being fostred of shepheards, he eke in time became a shepheard, and lastly came to the knowledge of his parentage.

*Alasse*, He'ena the wife of Menelaus king of Lacedemonia, was by *Venus* for the golden apple to her giuen, then promised to Paris, who therevpon with a sort of lustie Troyans, stole her out of Lacedemonia, and kept her in Troy, which was the cause of the ten yeares warre in Troy, and the most famous citie of all Asia, lamentably sacked and defaced.

*Argus*, was of the Poets deuised to be full of eyes, and therefore to him was committed the keeping of the transformed Cowe Io: so called,



because that in the print of the Cowesfoote, there is figured an I in the midst of an O.

*His name*, he meaneth Aaron: whose name for more *Decorum*, the shepherd saith he hath forgot, least his remembrance and skill in antiquities of holy writ should seeme to exceede the meanenesse of the person.

*Not so true*, for Aaron in the absence of Moses started aside, and committed Idolatrie.

*In purple*, Spoken of the Popes and Cardinals, which vse such tyrannicall colours and pompous painting.

*Belts, girdles.*

*Glitterand*, glittering, a participle vsed sometime in Chaucer, but altogether in I. Goore.

*Their Pan*, that is the Pope, whom they count their God and greatest shepherd.

*Palmode*, A shepherd, of whose report he seemeth to speake all this.

*Wifards*, great learned heads.

*Welier, VVallow.*

*Kerne*, a Churle or farmer.

*Sike mister men*, such kinde of men.

*Sarly*, stately and prowde.

*Melling*, medling.

*Bett*, Better.

*Benempte*, named.

*Gree*, for degree.

*Algrin*, the name of a shepherd aforesaid, whose mishap hee alludeth to the chaunce that happened to the Poet *Aeschylus*, that was brained with a shell fish.

#### *Embleme.*

By this poesie Thomalin confirmeth that, which in his former speach by sundry reasons he had prooued, for being both himselfe sequestred from all ambition, and also abhorring it in others of his cote, he taketh occasion to praise the mean and lowly state, as that wherein is safetie without feare, and quiet without daunger, according to the saying of olde Philosophers, that vertue dwelleth in the midst, being enuironed with two contrarie vices: whereto Morrell replieth with continuance of the same Philosophers opinion, that albeit all bountie dwelleth in mediocritie, yet perfect felicitie dwelleth in supremacie. For they say, and most true it is, that happinesse is placed in the highest degree: so as if any thing bee higher or better, then that way ceaseth to be perfect happinesse. Much like to that which once I heard a ledged in defence of humilitie, out of a great doctour, *Suorum Christus humillimus* which saying a gentleman in the companie taking at the rebound, beate backe againe with a like saying of another doctour, as he sayde, *Suorum Deus altissimus*.





*Aegloga Oolana.*  
**ARGUMENT.**

**I**N this Aeglogue is set forth a delectable controuersie, made in imitation of that in Theocritus: whereto also Virgil fashioned his third and seventh Aeglogue.

They chose for Vmpere of their strife, Cuddy a neat-heards boye, who hauing ended their cause, reciteth also himselfe a proper song, whereof Colm he saith is Author.

Willie. Perigot. Cuddie.

**T**ELL mee Perigot what shall be the game,  
 Wherefore with mine thou dare thy musicke match?  
 D: bene thy Bagpipes renne tarre out of frame?  
 D: hath the Crampe thy ioynts benomd with ach?

Perigot.

Ah Willie, when the hart is ill affaide,  
 How can Bagpipe, or ioynts be wel apaide?

Willie.

What the foule cill hath thee so befreade?  
 Whilom thou was perregal to the best,  
 And went to make the iolly shepheards glad  
 With pyping and dauncing did passe the rest.

Perigot.

Ah Willie, now I haue learrd a new darnee:  
 Spy old musicke marde by a new mischarnee.



Willie.

Mischief mought to that mischaunce befall,  
That so hath raft vs of our meriment:  
But rede me, what paine doth thee so apall?  
O louest thou, o bene thy yonglings miswent?

Perigot.

Loue hath misled both my yonglings, and mee:  
I pine for paine, and they may plaine to see.

V Villie.

Perdie and well away: ill may they thriue:  
Neuer knew I louers sheepe in good plight:  
But and if rymes with me thou dare striue,  
Such fond fantasies shall soone be put to flight.

Perigot.

That shall I do, though moche worse I fared:  
Neuer shall be said that Perigot was dared.

V Villie.

Then loe Perigot the Pledge, which I plight,  
A mazer ywrought of the Maple warre:  
Wherein is enchaied many a faire sight,  
Of Beares and Tygers, that maken fiers warre:  
And ouer them spred a goodly wilde Tine,  
Entraibed with a wanton Puie twine.

Thereby is a Lambe in the Wolues iawes:  
But see, how fast renneth the shepheard swaine,  
To saue the innocent from the beasts pawes:  
And here with his sheephooke hath him flaine.  
Tell me, such a cup hast thou euer scene?  
Well mought it beseme any haruest Queene.

Perigot.

Thereto will I pwayne yonder spotted Lambe,  
Of all my flocke there nis like another:  
For I brought him vp without the Dambe.  
But Colin Clout raft me of his brother,  
That he purchast of me in the plaine field:  
Soe against my will was I forst to yeeld.

V Villie.

Siker make like account of his brother,  
But who shall iudge the wager wonne o: lost?

Perigot.



Perigot.

That shall yonder heardgrome, and none other,  
Which ouer the poulse hetherward doth post.

V Villie.

But for the Sunnebeame so soze doth vs beate,  
Were not better, to shunne the scorching heate?

Perigot.

Well agreed V Villie: then sit thee dolone swaine:  
Sike a song neuer heardest thou, but Colin sing.

Cuddie.

Binne, when ye list, ye iolly shepheards swaine:  
Sike a iudge, as Cuddie, were for a king.

Will.

Per.

Will.

Per.

Will.

Per.

Will.

Per.

Will.

Per.

Will.

Per.

Will.

Per.

Will.

Per.

Will.

Per.

Will.

Per.

Will.

Per.

Will.

Per.

V Vill.

Per.

I fell vpon a holy cue,  
hey ho holiday,  
When holy fathers went to shrine:  
now ginneeth this round delay.  
Sitting vpon a hill so hie,  
hey ho the high hill,  
The while my flocke did feed thereby,  
the while the shepheard selke did spill:  
I salwe the bounding Bellibone:  
hey ho Bonnibell,  
Tipping ouer the dale alone,  
she can trip it verie well:  
Well decked in a frocke of gray,  
hey ho gray is greet,  
And in a kirtle of greene say,  
the greene is for maydens meet:  
A chaplet on her head she wore,  
hey ho chaplet,  
Of sweet Violets therein was store,  
sweeter then the Violet.  
My sheepe did leaue their wonted food,  
hey he seely sheepe,  
And gazde on her, as they were wood,  
Wood as he, that did them keepe.  
As the bonilasse passed by,  
hey ho bonilasse,

Per.



Per. She rouded at me with glauncing eye,  
 Will. as cleare as the chystal glasse:  
 Per. All as the Sunny beame so bright,  
 Will. hey ho the Sunne beame,  
 Per. Glaunceth from Phoebus face forthright,  
 Will. so loue into my heart did streame:  
 Per. O as the thunder cleaues the cloudes,  
 Will. hey ho the thunder,  
 Per. Wherein the lightsome lenin shroudes,  
 Will. so cleaues thy soule asunder:  
 Per. O as Dame Cynthia silver ray  
 Will. hey ho the Moone light,  
 Per. Upon the glittering waue doth play:  
 Will. such play is a pittesous plight.  
 Per. The glaunce into my heart did glide,  
 Will. hey ho the glyder,  
 Per. Therewith my soule was sharply gride,  
 Will. such woundes sone wren wider.  
 Per. Hasting to raunch the arrow out,  
 Will. hey ho Berigot,  
 Per. I left the head in my heart root:  
 Will. it was a desperate shot.  
 Per. There it rancleth aye more and more,  
 Will. hey ho the arrow,  
 Per. He can I finde salue for my soze:  
 Will. loue is a carelesse sorow.  
 Per. And though my bale with death I bought,  
 Will. hey ho heauie cheere,  
 Per. Yet should thilke lasse not from my thought:  
 Will. so you may buye golde too deere.  
 Per. But whether in painfull loue I pine,  
 Will. hey ho pinching paine,  
 Per. O thriue in wealth, ye shalbe mine.  
 Will. but if thou can her obtaine.  
 Per. And if for gracelesse grieve I dye,  
 Will. hey ho gracelesse grieve,  
 Per. Witness, she lue me with her eye  
 VWill. let thy folly be the price.  
 Per. And you, that sawe it, simple sheepe,  
 VWill. hey ho the faire flocke,



August.

21  
63

Per.  
Will.  
Per.  
Will.  
Per.  
Will.

For ptefe thereof, my death shall weepe,  
and mone with many a mocke.

So leard I loue on a holy rue,  
hey ho holy day,

That euer since my heart did greue.  
now endeth our roundelay.

Cuddie.

Siker, like a roundle neuer heard I none.

Little lacketh Perigot of the best.

And Willie is not greatly ouergone,  
So weren his vnder songes well addrest.

Willie.

Heardgrome, I feare me thou haue a squint eye  
Aræde vprightly, who has the victorie?

Cuddie.

Faith of my soule, I deeme eche haue gained,

For thy, let the Lambe be Willie his stoue:

And so Perigot so well hath him pained,

To him be the wroughten mazer alone.

Perigot.

Perigot is well pleased with the dome:

He can Willie wite the witelesse heardgrome.

Willie.

Neuer dempt more right of beautie I wene.

The shepheard of I da, that indge beauties Quene.

Cuddie.

But tell me shepheards, should it not yshend

Your roundels fresh, to heare a dolesull verse

Of Rosalinde (who knows not Rosalinde?)

That Colin made, ylike can I you rehearse.

Perigot.

Now say it Cuddie, as thou art a ladde:

With mery thing its good to medle sadde.

Willie.

Faith of my soule, thou shalt ycrouned be

In Colins stæde, if thou this song greede:

For neuer thing on earth so pleaseth me,

As him to heare, or matter of his deede.

Cuddie.

Then listeneth eche vnto my heauic lay,

h

And



And tune your pipes as ruthfull, as ye may.

**Y**e wastful woods beare witnesse of my woe,  
 Wherin my plaints did oftentimes resounde:  
 Ye carelesse byrds are priuie to my cries,  
 Which in your songs were wont to make a part:  
 Thou pleasant spring hast luld me oft a sleepe,  
 Whose streames my trickling teares did oft augment.  
 Resort of people doth my griefes augment,  
 The walled towne do worke my greater woe:  
 The forest wide is fitter to resound  
 The hollow Echo of my carefull cries,  
 I hate the house, since thence my loue did part,  
 Whose wailefull want debars mine eyes from sleepe.  
 Let streames of teares supply the place of sleepe:  
 Let all that swete is boyd: and all that may augment  
 My dole drawe neere. Moze meete to waile my woe,  
 Bene the wilde woods, my sorrowes to resound,  
 Then bed, no: bowre, both which I fill with cries,  
 When I them see so waste, and finde no part  
 Of pleasure past. Here will I dwell apart  
 In gastfull groue therefore, till my last sleepe  
 Do close mine eyes: so shall I not augment  
 With sight of such as chaunge my restlesse woe:  
 Helpe me ye banefull birds, whose shrieking sound  
 Is signe of dreery death my deadly cries  
 Most ruthfully to tune. And as my cries  
 (Which of my woe cannot be wyay least part)  
 You heare all night, when nature craueth sleepe,  
 Increase, so let your yeksome yelles augment.  
 Thus all the nights in plaints, the day in woe  
 I vowed haue to waste, til safe and sound  
 Shee home returne, whose voyces siluer sound  
 To chearful songes can chaunge my cheerlesse cries.  
 Hence with the Nightingale wil I take part,  
 That blessed byrd, that spendes her time of sleepe  
 In songes and plaintine pleas, the moze t'augment  
 The memorie of his misdeed, that byed her woe:  
 And you that seele no woe, when as the sound  
 Of these my nightly cries ye heare apart,



August.

65

Let breake your sounder sleepe and pittie augment.

Perigot.

O Colin, Colin, the shepheards ioy,

How I admire each turning of thy verse:

And Cuddie, fresh Cuddie the liefest boy,

How dolefully his dole thou dost rehearse.

Cuddie.

Then blow your pipes shepherds, til you be at home:

The night higheth fast, its time to be gone.

Perigot his Embleme.

*Vincenti gloria vixit.*

V Villies Embleme.

*Vinto non vitte.*

Cuddies Embleme.

*Felice chi puo.*

### GLOSSE.

*in Bestadde*, disposed, ordered.

*Peregall*, equall.

*Whilome*, once.

*in Raste*, bereft, depriued.

*Miswent*, gone astray.

*It may*, according

to Virgil.

*Infelix o semper onis pecus.*

*A mazer*, So also doo Theocritus and Virgil feigne pledges of theyr strife.

*Enchased*, engrauen. Such prettie descriptions euery where vseth Theocritus, to bring in his Idyllia. For which speciall cause indeede, hee by that name termeth his Aeglogues, for Idyllion in Greeke signifieth the shape or picture of any thing, whereof his booke is full. And not as I haue heard some fondly guesse, that they bee called not Idyllia, but Hædilia, of the Goteheards in them.

*Entraibed*, wrought betweene.

*Haruest Queene*, The maner of countrey folke in haruest time.

*Pouffe*, Pease.

*It fell vpon*, Perigot maketh all his song in praise of his Loue, to whome Willye answereth euery vnder vers. By Perigot who is ment, I cannot vprightly say: but if it be, who is supposed his Loue, shee deserueth no lesse praise, then he giueth her.



*Greete, weeping and complaint,  
crown.*

*Leuin, Lightning.*

*Gryde, pearced.*

*But if, not vnlesse.  
so saith Virgil.*

*Chaplet, a kinde of Garland like a*

*Cynthia, was said to be the Moone.*

*Squint eye, partiall iudgement.*

*Eche bane,*

*Et vitula tu dignus, & hic &c.*

*Dooe, iudgement.*

*Dempt, for deemed, iudged,*

*VVite the witelesse, blame the blamelesse.*

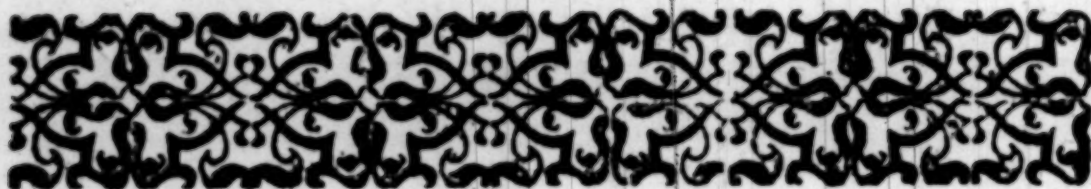
*The shepheard of Ida, was said to be Paris.*

*Beauties Queene, Venus, to whom Paris adiudged the golden Apple, as  
the price of hir beautie.*

*Embleme.*

The meaning hereof is verie ambiguous: for Perigot by his poesie claiming the conquest, and Willie not yeelding, Cuddie the arbiter of theyr cause, and Patron of his owne, seemeth to challenge it, as his due, saying, that hee is happie which can: so abruptly ending, but hee meaneth eyther him, that can win the best, or moderate himselfe being best, and leaue off with the best,

*Aeglog's*







*Aegloga Nona.*  
ARGVMENT.

**H**erein Diggon Dauie is denised to be a shepheard that in hope of more gaine,  
drene his sheepe into a farre countrey. The abuses whereof, and loose lining of  
popish prelates, by occasion of Hobbinolls demaund, he discourseth at large.

Hobbinoll. Diggon Dauie,  
**D**iggon Dauie, I bid her God day:  
O, Diggon her is, O, I mistay,  
Diggon.

Her was her, while it was day light,  
But now her is a most wretched wight.  
For day that was, is wightly past,  
And now at earst the darke night doth hast.

Hobbinoll.  
Diggon aræde, who has thee so dight?  
Neuer I wist thee in so poore a plight.  
Where is y faire flock, thou wast woun to lead?  
O, beene they chaffred? O, at mischiese dead?

Diggon.  
Ah for lone of that, is to thee most leefe,  
Hobbinoll, I pray thee gall not my old greefe:  
Sike question rippeth vp cause of ne w we,  
For one opened mote vnfold many mo.

3 Hobbinoll



Nay, but sorrow close shrouded in heart,  
 I know, to keepe is a burdenous smart.  
 Ech thing imparted is more eath to beare :  
 When the raine is fallen, the clouds were cleare.  
 And now sithence I saw thy head last,  
 Thise thyas Moones beene fully spent and past:  
 Since when thou hast measured much ground,  
 And wandred wele about the world round,  
 So as thou can many things relate,  
 But tell me first of thy flocks estate.

Diggon.

My sheepe bene wasted, (woe is me therefore)  
 The iolly shepheard that was of yore,  
 Is now no: iolly, no: shepheard more.  
 In foreine costes men said, was plentie:  
 And so there is, but all of miserie.  
 I dempt there much to haue eeked my store,  
 But such eeking hath made my heart sore.  
 In tho countries where I haue bene,  
 No boeing for those, that truly mene,  
 But for such as of guile maken gaine,  
 No such countrey, as there to remaine.  
 They setten to sale their shops of shame,  
 And maken a market of their good name.  
 The shepheardes there robben one another,  
 And layen baytes to beguile her brother.  
 O: they will buye his sheepe forth of the cote.  
 O: they will caruen the sheapheards throte.  
 The shepheardes swaine you cannot well ken,  
 But it be by his pryde, from other men :  
 They looken bigge as Bulles, that bene bate,  
 And bearen the cragge so stiffe and so state,  
 As Cocke on his dunghill, crowing cranck.

Hobbinoll.

Diggon, I am so stiffe and so stanck,  
 That bructh may I stand any more:  
 And now the Westerne winde bloweth sore,  
 That is in his cheefe soueraignite,  
 Beating the withered leafe from the tree.

Hit te



Witte we dolone here vnder the hill:  
 Tho may we talke, and tellen our fill,  
 And make a mocke at the blustering blaff,  
 Now say on Diggon, what euer thou hast.

Diggon.

Hobbin, ah Hobbin, I curse the stound,  
 That euer I cast to haue lozme this ground.  
 Wel-away the while I was so fond,  
 To leaue the good, that I had in hond,  
 In hope of better, that was vncouth:  
 So lost the Dogge the flesh in his mouth.  
 My seely sheepe (ah seely sheepe)  
 That hereby there I whilome vsde to keepe,  
 All were they lustie, as thou diddest see,  
 Beene all sternerd with pine and penurie:  
 Hardly my selfe escaped thilke paine,  
 Driven soz need to come home againe.

Hobbinoll.

Ah son, now by thy losse art taught,  
 That seldome chaunge the better brought.  
 Content who liues with tried state,  
 Feede feare no chaunge of frowning fate:  
 But who will seeke soz vnkowne gaine,  
 Ost liues by losse, and leaues with paine.

Diggon.

I wote ne Hobbin how I was bewitcht,  
 With vaine desire, and hope to be enricht.  
 But siker so it is, as the bright starre  
 Seemeth a greater, when it is farre:  
 I thought the soyle would haue made me rich:  
 But now I wote it is nothing sich,  
 For either the shepheards beene idle and still,  
 And led of their sheepe, what way they will:  
 Or they beene false and full of couetise,  
 And casten to compasse many wrong Emprise.  
 But moze beene fraught with fraud and spight,  
 Ne in good noz goodnesse taken delight:  
 But kinde coles of coteck and pye,  
 Wherewith they set all the world on fire:  
 Which when they thincken againe to quench,

Woe,



With holy water they doen hem all drench,  
 They say they con to heauen the high way:  
 But by my soule I dare vnderlay,  
 They neuer set fote in that same troad,  
 But balke the right way, and strayen abroad.  
 They boast they han the diuell at commaund:  
 But aske hem therfore, what they haue paynd.  
 Harry that great Pan bought with great bozrow,  
 To quite it from the blacke bowze of sozrow,  
 But they han sold thilke same long ago:  
 For they woulde draw with hem many mo.  
 But let hem gang alone a Gods name:  
 As they han bztwed, so let hem beare blame.

Hobbinoll.

Diggon, I pray thee speake not so dirke.  
 Such myster saying me seemeth to murke.

Diggon.

Then plainly to speake of shepheards most what:  
 Bad is the best (this English is flat.)  
 Their ill haniour garres men missay,  
 Both of their doctrine, and their say.  
 They say the world is much war then it went,  
 All for her shepheards is beastly and blont.  
 Other saine, but how truely I note,  
 All for they holden shame of their cote.  
 Some sticke not to say: (hote cole on her tongue)  
 That like mischief graeth hem enioing.  
 All for they casten too much of worlds care,  
 To decke her Dame, and enrich her heire:  
 For such encheason, if you go nie,  
 Few chimnyes reken you shall espie:  
 The fat Dre that went ligge in the stall,  
 Is now fast stalled in her crumennall.  
 Thus chatten the people in their leads,  
 Like as a monster of many heads.  
 But they that shoten next the pizke,  
 Saine, other the fat from their beards do liche.  
 For big Buls of Basan brace hem about,  
 That with their hoznes batten the moze stout:  
 But the leane soules treaden vnder fote,

And



September.

71

And to seeke redresser mought little boote :  
For liker beene they to plucke alway more,  
Then ought of the gotten good to restore.  
For they beene like foule wagmoires ouergraft,  
That if thy galage once shiketh fast,  
The more to winde it out thou doest swinke,  
Thou mought aye deeper and deeper sincke,  
Yet better leaue off with a little losse,  
Then by much wexing to lese the grosse.

Hobbinoll.

Poln Diggon, I see thou speakest too plaine :  
Better it were, a little to faigne,  
And clenly couer that cannot be cured,  
Such ill, as is forced, mought needes be endured.  
But of like pastors how done the flocks creepe :

Diggon.

Like as the shepheards, like beene her sheepe,  
For they will listen to the shepheards voyce :  
But if he call hem at their good choyce,  
They wander at will, and stay at pleasure,  
And to their solas yeld at their owne leasure.  
But they had be better come at their call :  
For many han vnto mischief fall,  
And beene of raueneous wolues yrent,  
All for they nould be burome and bent.

Hobbino!!.

He on thee Diggon, and all thy folow leasng,  
Well is knowne that since the Saxon king,  
Pruer was Wolfe scene, many nor some,  
Nor in all Kent, nor in Chyster dome :  
But the fewer Wolues (the sooth to saine,)  
The more beene the Foxes that here remaine.

Diggon.

Yes but they gang in more secret wise,  
And with shepes clothing dorn hem disguise.  
They talke not widely as they were wont,  
For feare of raungers and the great yont :  
But prunly prolling to and fro,  
Enaunter they mought be inly know.

L

Hobbinoll.



Hobbinoll.

O2 priue o2 pert if any bin,  
 We haue great bandogs will teare their skin.

Diggon.

In dede thy Ball is a bold bigge cur,  
 And could make a iolly hole in their fur.  
 But not good dogs hem needeth to chase,  
 But heedie shepheards to discern their face,  
 For all their craft is in their countenance,  
 They beene so graue and full of maintenance.  
 But shall I tell thee what my selfe knowe,  
 Chauced to Koffin not long ygo.

Hobbinoll.

Say it out Diggon, what euer it hight,  
 For not but well mought him betight.  
 He is so meeke, wise, and merciabie,  
 And with his word his worke is conuenable.  
 Colin Clout I weene be his selfe boy,  
 (Ah for Colin be whileme my ioy)  
 Shepheards sich, God mought vs many send,  
 That doen so carefully their flocks tend.

Diggon.

Whilke same shepheard mought I well marke:  
 He has a Dogge to bite o2 to barke,  
 Neuer had shepheard so keene a cur,  
 That waketh, and if but a lease stir.  
 Whileme there wanned a wicked Wolfe,  
 That with many a Lambe had glutted his gulse,  
 And euer at night went to repaire  
 Unto the flocke, when the Welkin shone faire,  
 And clad in clothing of seely sheepe,  
 When the good old man used to sleepe.  
 Who at midnight he would barke and ball,  
 (For he had eft learned a curre's call,  
 As if a Wolfe were among the sheepe.  
 With that the shepheard would breake his sleepe,  
 And send out Leuder (for so his dog hote)  
 To raunge the fields with open throte.  
 Who when as Leuder was far away,  
 This woluishe sheepe would catchen his pray,



A Lambe, or a kid, or a weanell wast :  
 With that to the wood would he speade him fast.  
 Long time he used this slipperie pranke,  
 Ere Koffy could for his labour him thancke.  
 At end the shepheard his practise spied,  
 (For Koffy is wise, and as Argus eyed)  
 And when at euen he came to the flocke,  
 Fast in their folds he did them locke,  
 And toke out the Wolfe in his counterfeit cote,  
 And let out the shæpes blood at his throte.

Hobbinoll.

Harry Diggon, what should him affray,  
 To take his owne where euer it lay?  
 For had his wealand beene a little wider,  
 He would haue deuoured both hider and shider.

Diggon.

Mischiefe light on him, and Gods great curse,  
 Too good for him had beene a great deale worse:  
 For it was a perillous beast aboue all,  
 And eke had he cond the shepheards call:  
 And oft in the night came to the shæpcote,  
 And called Lowder, with a hollow throte,  
 As if it the old mans selfe had beene.  
 The dogge his maisters voyce did it wene,  
 Yet halfe in doubt he opened the doore,  
 And ranne out, as he was wont of yore.  
 No sooner was out, but swifter then thought,  
 Fast by the hide the Wolfe Lowder caught:  
 And had not Koffy renne to the steuen,  
 Lowder had beene flaine thilke same euen.

Hobbinoll.

God shield man, he should so ill haue thine,  
 All for he did his deuoyze belue.  
 If like beene Wolves, as thou hast tolde,  
 How mought we Diggon, hem behold.

Diggon.

How, but with hærde and watchfulnesse,  
 Forstallen hem of their wilinesse?  
 For thy with shepheard fittes not play,  
 Or sleepe, as some doen, all the long day:



But euer ligger in watch and ward,  
From sodaine force their flocks so; to gard.

Hobbinoll.

Ah Diggon, thilke same rule were too straight,  
All the cold season to watch and wait,  
We beene of flesh, men as other bee,  
Why should we be bound to such miserie?  
What euer thing lacketh chaungeable rest,  
Whought needes decay, when it is at best.

Diggon.

Ah but Hobbinoll, all this long tale,  
Whought easeth the care, that doth me forhandle,  
What shall I do? what way shall I wend,  
My piteous plight and losse to amend?  
Ah good Hobbinoll, mought I thee pray,  
Of ayd or counsell in my decay,

Hobbinoll.

Now by my soule Diggon, I lament  
The haplesse mischief, that has thee hent,  
Nethelisse thou seest my lowly sale,  
That froward fortune doth euer auaille.  
But were Hobbinoll, as God mought please,  
Diggon should soone find fauour and ease.  
But if to my cottage thou wilt resort,  
So as I can, I will thee comfort:  
There maist thou ligge in a vetchy bed,  
Till fairer Fortune shew seyth his head.

Diggon.

Ah Hobbinoll, God mought it thee requite,  
Diggon on few such friends did euer lite.

Diggon's Embleme.  
*Inopem me copia fecit.*

### GLOSSE.

The Dialect and phrased of speech in this Dialogue, seemeth somewhat to differ from the common. The cause whereof is supposed to be, by occasion of the partie herein ment, who beeing verie friend to the Authour hereof, had beene long in forrain countreys, and there seene many disorders, which he here recounteth to Hobbinoll.

*Bidde*



*Bidde her*, Bidde good morrow. For to bidde, is to pray, whereof commeth beades for praier, and so they say, To bidde his beades. s. to say his praier.

*VVightly*, quickly, or sodainly. *Chaffred*, solde. *Dead as mischiefe*, an vnusuall speech, but much vsurped of Lidgate, and sometime of Chaucer.

*Leefe*, Deare. *Etbe*, easie. *Thrise three Moones*, nine monethes. *Measured*, for traueiled.

*VVae*, woe, Northernly. *Eeked*, encreased. *Carnen*, cutte. *Kenne*, know. *Cragge*, neck. *State*, stoutly. *Stanck*, weary or faint.

*And now*, hee applieth it to the time of the yeare, which is in the ende of haruest, which they call the fall of the leafe: at which time the Westerne winde beareth most swaye.

*A mocke*, Imitating Horace, *Debes ludibrium ventis*.

*Lorne*, left. *Soot*, sweete. *Vnconth*, vnknowne. *Hereby*, there, here and there.

*As the bright*, translated out of Mantuan. *Emprise*, for enterprise. *Per Syncopen*.

*Centack*, strife.

*Trode*, path. *Marrie that*, that is, their soules, which by Popish Exorcismes and practises they damne to hell.

*Blacke*, hell. *Gang*, goe. *Mister*, maner. *Mirke*, obscure. *vuarre*, worse.

*Crumenall*, purse. *Brace*, compasse. *Encheson*, occasion. *Ouergrast*, ouergrowne with grasse. *Galage*, shoe. *The grosse*, the whole.

*Buxome and bent*, meeke and obedient.

*Saxon King*, King Edgare that raigned here in Britanie in the yeare of our Lord. V Which King caused all the V Volues, whereof then was store in this country, by a proper policie to be destroied. So as neuer since that time, there haue bene V Volues here found, vnlesse they were brought from other countries. And therefore Hobbinoll rebuketh him of vntruth, for saying that there be V Volues in England.

*Nor in Christendome*, this saying seemeth to be strange and vnreasonable: but indeed it was wont to be an olde prouerbe and common phrase. The Originall whereof was, for that most part of England in the raigne of King Ethelbert was christened, Kent only except, which remained long after in misbeliefe and vnchristened: So that Kent was counted no part of Christendome.

*Great hunt*, Executing of lawes and iustice. *Enaunter*, least that.

*Inly*, inwardly: aforesaid. *Frenely or perte*, openly saith Chaucer.



*Roffy*, the name of a shepheard in Marot his *Aeglogue* of Robin and the King. Whom he here commendeth for great care and wise gouernaunce of his flocke.

*Colin Clout*, Now I thinke no man doubteth but by Colin is meant the Authors selfe, whose especiall good friend Hobbinoll saith hee is, or more rightly Maister Gabriel Haruey : of whose especiall commendation, as wel in Poetrie as Rethoricke and other choice learning, we haue lately had a sufficient triall in diuers his woorkes, but specially in his *Musarum Lacryma*, and his late *Gratulationum Valdensium*, which booke in the progresse at Audley in Essex, he dedicated in writing to her Maiestie, afterward presenting the same in print to her Highnesse at the worshipful master Capels in Hertfordshire. Beside other his sundry most rare & verie notable writings, partly vnder vnkowne titles, and partly vnder counterfayt names, as his *Tyrannomastix*, his *Olde Natalitia*, his *Rameidos*, and especially that part of *Philomusus*, his diuine *Anticosmopolita*, and diuers other of like importance. As also by the name of other shepheards, he couereth the persons of diuers other his familiar friends and best acquaintance.

This tale of *Roffy* seemeth to colour some particular Action of his, But what, I certainly know not.

*Wanned*, haunted. *Welkin*, skye, aforesaid.

*A Weaned waste*, a weaned yongling. *Hidder and shidder*, he and she,  
*Male and Female*. *Stenen*, noyse. *Beline*, quickly. *What euer*,  
*Ouids verse translated*.

*Quod caret alterna requie, durable non est.*

*Forebaile*, draw or distresse.

*Verchie*, of Pease straw.

*Embleme*.

This is the saying of *Narcissus* in *Ouid*. For when the foolish boy by beholding his face in the brooke, fell in loue with his owne likenesse : and not able to content himselfe with much looking thereon, he cried out, that plentie made him poore, meaning that much gazing had bereft him of sence. But *Diggon* vseth to other purpose, as who that by tryall of many wayes, had found the worst, and through great plentie was fallen into penury. This Poetrie I know, to haue bene much vsed of the Authour, and to such like effect, as first *Narcissus* spake it.

October.



*Aegloga Decima.*

## ARGUMENT,

**I**N Cuddie is set out the perfect patern of a Poet, which finding no maintenance of his state and studies, complaineth of the contempt of Poetrie, and the causes thereof: Specially hauing bene in all ages, and euen amongst the most barbarous alwaies of singular account and honour, and being indeed so worthie and commendable an art: or rather no art, but a diuine gift and heauenly instinct not to be gotten by labour and learning, but adorned with both: and poured into the witte by a certaine *Kithousiasmos* and celestiall inspiration, as the Author hereof else where at large discourseth in his booke called the English Peet, which booke being lately come to my handes, I munde also by Gods grace vpon further aduiseement to publish.

Piers.

Cuddie.

**C**Vddie, for shame hold vp thy beaue head,  
 And let vs cast with what delight to chace,  
 And wearie this long lingring Phœbus race.  
 Whilome thou went the shepheards lads to leade,  
 In rimes, in riddles, and in bidding bafe:  
 Now they in thee, and thou in slepe art deade.

Cuddie.



Cuddie.

Piers. I haue piped earst so long with paine,  
 That all mine Oten reedes bene rent all woze:  
 And my poore muse hath spent her spared store,  
 Yet little good hath got, and much lesse gaine.  
 Such pleasance makes the Grasshopper so poore,  
 And ligge so laid, when winter doth her straine.

The dapper ditties that I wont deuise,  
 To feede yonthes fanisie, and the flocking fry,  
 Delighten much: what I beft for thy?  
 They han the pleasure, I a slender prise.  
 I beate the bush, the birds to them do flye:  
 What good thereof to Cuddie can arise?

Piers.

Cuddie, the praise is better, then the price,  
 The glozy eke much greater then the gaine:  
 What an honour is it, to restraine  
 The lust of lawlesse youth with good aduice?  
 O, pricke them forth with pleasance of thy vaine,  
 Where to thou list their trained willes entice.

Soone as thou ginst to set thy notes in frame,  
 O how the rurall routs to thee do cleare?  
 Seemeth tho dost their soule of sense bereaue,  
 All as the shepheard, that did fetch his dame  
 From Plutoes balefull Bowre withouten leaue:  
 His musickes might the hellish hound did tame.

Cuddie.

So praysen babes the Peacocks spotted traine,  
 And wondzen at bright Argus blazing eye:  
 But who rewards him ere the more for thy?  
 O, feedes him once the fuller by a graine?  
 Like praise is smoke, that sheddeth in the skie,  
 Like words bene winde, and waster sone in vaine.

Piers.

Abandon then the base and biler clowne,  
 Lift vp thy selfe out of the lowly dust:  
 And sing of bloody Mars, of wars, of guils,  
 Turne thee to those, that weld the awfull crowne,



To doubted knights, whose woundlesse armour rusts,  
And helmes vntuzed weren daily brokene.

There may thy Muse display her fluttring wing,  
And stretch her selfe at large from East to West:  
Whither thou list in faire Elisa rest,  
Or if thee please in bigger notes to sing.  
Aduance the worthie whom she loueth best,  
That first the white beare to the stake did bring.

And when the stubborne stroke of strong sounds,  
Has somewhat slackt the tenor of thy string:  
Of loue and lustihed thou maist thou sing,  
And carroll lowde, and leade the Millers rounde,  
All were Elisa one of thilke same ring,  
So mought our Cuddies name to Heauen sounde.

Cuddie.

Indeed the Romish Tityrus, I heare,  
Through his Meccenas left his Datan reede,  
Whereon he earst had taught his flocks to feede,  
And laboured lands to yeld the timely eare,  
And eft did sing of warres and deadly dreed,  
So as the Heauens did quake his verse to heare.

But ah Meccenas is yclad in claie,  
And great Augustus long ygoe is dead:  
And all the worthies liggyn wraapt in lead,  
That matter made for Poets on to plaie,  
For euer, who in derring doe were dead,  
The loftie verse of hem was loued aye,

But after vertue gan for age to stoupe,  
And mightie manhood brought a bedde of ease:  
The bawnting Poets found naught worth a pease,  
To put in pzeace among the learned troupe:  
Tho gan the streames of flowing wits to cease,  
And sunbryght honour pend in shamefull coupe.

And if that any buddes of Poësie,  
Pet of the olde flocks gan to shoute againe:



O: it mens follies mote to forst to fatne,  
 And roll with rest in rymes of rybaudrie:  
 O: as it sprung, it wither must againe:  
 Tom piper makes vs better melodie.

Piers.

O peerlesse poesie, where is then thy place:  
 If not in Princes pallace thou doest sit:  
 (And yet is Princes pallace the most fit)  
 He best of baser birth doth thee embrace.  
 Then make thee wings of thine aspiring wit,  
 And, whence thou camst, flie backe to heauen apace.

Cuddie.

Ah Percie it is all too weake and wanne,  
 So high to soze and make so large a flight:  
 Her peeced pigeons bene not so in plight,  
 For Colin fits such famous flight to scanne:  
 He, were he not with loue so ill bedight,  
 Would mount as high, and sing as soote as Swanne.

Piers.

Ah son, for lone does teach him climbe so hie,  
 And lifts him vp out of the loathsome mire:  
 Such immortall mirroze, as he doth admire,  
 Would raise ones minde aboue the starry skie.  
 And cause a caitiue courage to aspire,  
 For lostie loue doth lothe a lowly cie.

Cuddie.

All otherwise the state of Poet stands,  
 For lordly loue is such a tyranne fell:  
 That where he rules, all power he doth expell,  
 The vaunted verse a vacant head demands,  
 He wont with crabbed care the Muses dwell,  
 Unwisely weaues, that takes two webbes in hand.

Who euer castes to compasse waightie prise,  
 And thinkes to throw out thundring words of threate:  
 Let powze in lauish cups and thristie bits of meat.  
 For Bacchus fruit is friend to Phoebus wise:  
 And when with Wine the braine begins to sweat,  
 The numbers flow as fast as spring doth rise.

Thou



Thou kenst not Percie how the rime should rage,  
 If my temples were distaind with wine,  
 And girt in Girdonds of wilde Vuie twine,  
 How I could reare the Muse on stately stage,  
 And teach her tread aloft in bus-kin fine,  
 With queint Bellona in her equipage.

But ah my courage coles ere it be warme,  
 For thy content vs in this humble shade:  
 Where no such troublous tides han vs assaide,  
 Here woz our slender pipes may safely charme.

Piers.

And when my Gates shall han their bellies laide:  
 Cuddie shall haue a liddle to stoze his farne.

Cuddies Embleme,  
*Agitante calefcimus illo, &c.*

### GLOSSE.

This Aeglogue is made in imitation of Theocritus his 16. Idilion, wherein he reprooued the Tyranne Hiero of Syracuse for his niggardise to warde Poets, in whom is the power to make men immortal for their good deeds, or shamefull for their naughtie life. And the like also is in Mantuane. The like hereof as also that in Theocritus, is more lostie then the rest, and applyed to the height of Poeticall wit.

*Cuddie*, I doubt whether by Cuddy be specified the Author selfe, or some other. For in the eight Aeglogue the same person was brought in, singing a Cantion of Colins making, as he saith. So that some doubt, that the persons be different.

*Whilome*, sometime.

*Oaten reedes*, Auenæ.

*Ligge so laide*, lye so saint and vnlustie.

*Dapper*, pretie.

*Frye*, is a bold Metaphore, forced from the spawning fishes, for the multitude of young fish be called the Frye.

*To restraine*, This place seemeth to conspire with Plato, who in his first booke de Legibus saith, that the first inuention of Poetry was of very vertuous intent. For at what time an infinit number of youth vsually came to their great solemne feastes called Panegyrica, which they vsed euery five yeare to hold, some learned man being more able then the rest, for speciall gifts of wit and Musick, would take vpon him to sing fine verses to the people, in praise either of vertue or of victorie, or of immortalitie, or such like. At



whose wonderfull gift all men being astonied & as it were rauished with delight; thinking (as it was indeed) that he was inspired from aboue, called him *Vatem*: which kinde of men afterward framing their verses to lighter musicke (as of Musicke there be many kindes, some sadder, some lighter, some martiall, some heroical: and so diuersly eke affect the mindes of men) found out lighter matter of Poesie also, some plying with loue, some scorning at mens fashions, some powred out in pleasure, and so were called Poets or makers.

*Sensebereaue*, what the secret working of musick is in the minds of men, as wel appearerh hereby, that some of the auntient Philosophers, and those the most wise, as Plato and Pythagoras held for opinion, that the minde was made of a certaine harmony & musicall numbers, for the great compassion, and likenesse of affection in th'one & the other, as also by that memorable history of Alexander: to whom whē as Timotheus the great Musitian plained the Phrygian melody, it is said, that hee was distraught with such vnwonted fury, that straightway rising from the table in great rage, he caused him selfe to be armed, as ready to go to warre (for that musicke is very warlike.) And immediately when as the Musitian changed his stroke into the Lydian and Ionique harmony, he was so far from warring, that he sat as still, as if he had bin in matters of counsell. Such might is in Musick. Wherefore Plato and Aristotle forbid the Arabian Melody from children & youth. For that being altogether one the fifth and seuenth tone, it is of great force to mollifie and quench the kindly courage, which vseth to burne in yoong breasts. So that it is not incredible which the Poet here saith, that the Musicke can bereaue the soule of sense.

*The shepheard that*, Orpheus: of whom is said, that by his excellent skil in Musicke and Poetry, he recovered his wife Eurydice from hell.

*Argus eyes*, of Argus is before said, that Iuno to him committed her husband Iupiter his Paragon Io, because hee had an hundreth eyes: but afterward Mercury with his Musick lulling Argus asleepe, slue him & brought Io away, whose eyes it is said that Iuno for his eternall memorie, placed in her byrd the Pecoeks taile, for those coloured spots indeed resemble eyes.

*VVoundlesse armour*, unwounded in warre, do rust through long peace.

*Display*, A Poeticall metaphore, whereof the meaning is, that if the Poet list shew his skil in matter of more dignitie, then is the homely Aeglogue, good occasion is him offered of higher veyne and more Heroical argument. in the person of our most gracious soueraigne, whom (as before) hee calleth *Elisa*. Or if matter of knighthood and chiuallry please him better, that there be many noble and valiant men, that are both worthy of his paine in theyr deserued praises, and also fauourers of his skil and facultie,



*The worthy*, he meaneth (as I ghesse) the most honourable and renowned the Earle of Leycester, whom by his cognisance (although the same be also proper to other) rather then by his name he bewraich, being not likely that the names of worldly princes be knowne to countrey clownes.

*Slack*, that is when thou chaungest thy verse to state'y course, to matter of more pleasance and delight.

*The Millers*, a kinde of daunce. *King*, companie of dauncers.

*The Romish Tyrus*, well knew noble Virgil, who by Mæcenas meanes was brought into the fauor of the Emperour Augustus, and by him moued to write in loftier kind, then he earst had done.

*Whereon*, in these three verses are the three seuerall workes of Virgil intended, for in teaching his flocke to feede, is meant his *Æglogue*, In labouring of lands, is his *Georgiques*. In singeing of warres and deadly dread, is his diuine *Æneis* figured.

*In derring do*, In manhood and chiuallrie.

*For euer*, He sheweth the cause why Poets were wont to bee had in such honour of noble men, that is, that by them their worthinesse & valor should through their famous poesies be commended to all posterities. Wherefore it is said, that Achilles had neuer beene so famous, as he is, but for Homers immortall verses, which is the onely aduantage, which hee had of Hector. And also that Alexander the great, comming to his tombe in Signes, with naturall teares blessed him, that euer it was, his hap to be honoured with so excellent a poets worke, as so renowned and ennobled only by his meane. VVhich being declared in a most eloquent Oration of Tullies, is of Petrarch no lesse woorthily set forth in a Sonnet.

*Giunto Alessandro a la famosa tomba,*

*Del fero Achillo sospirando disse*

*O fortunato che si chiaro tromba Trouasti, &c.*

And that such account hath beene a waye made of Poets, as well sheweth this, that the worthie Scipio in all his warres against Carthage and Numantia, had euer more in his companie, and that in most familiar sort, the good olde poet Ennius, as also that Alexander destroyng Thebes, when he was enformed, that the famous Lyrick poeth Pindarus was borne in that Citie, not onely comaunded straightly, that no man should vpon paine of death, do any violence to that house, or otherwise: but also specially spared most, and some highly rewarded, that were of his kinne. So fauoured he the onely name of a poet, which praise otherwise was in the same man no lesse famous, then when he came to ransacking of king Darius coffers, whom hee lately had ouerthrowne, he found in a little cofler of siluer the two bookes of Homers workes, as laide vp there for speciall Jewels and riches, which



he taketh thence, put one of them dayly in his bosome, and the other euery night lay vnder his pillow. Such honour haue Poets alwayes found in the sight of Princes and noble men, which this authour here verie well sheweth, as else were more notably.

But after, he sheweth the cause of contempt of poetrie to be idlenesse and basenesse of minde.

*Pent*, shut vp in slouth, as in a coope or cage.

*Tom ppyper*, an ironicall Sarcastique; spoken in derision of these rude wits, which make more account of a ryming ribaud, then of skill grounded vpon learning and iudgement.

*Nebrest*, the meaner sort of men, *Her peece of pineons*, vnperfect skill: Spoken with humble modestie.

*As soote as swanne*, The comparison seemeth to be straunge: for the swan hath euer woonne small commendation for her sweete singing: but it is said of the learned, that the Swanne a litle before her death, singeth most pleasantly, as prophesying by a secrete instinct her neere destinie, as well saith the poet elsewhere in one of his Sonnets.

The siluer Swan doth sing before her dying day,

As she that fees the deepe delight that is in death, &c.

*Immortall mirroure*, Beautie, which is an excellent obiect of poeticall spirits, as appeareth by the worthie Petrarch, saying.

*Fiorir facena il mio debile ingegno.*

*Ala sua ombra, & crescer ne gli affanni.*

*A carytine courage*, a base and abiect minde.

*For lostie loue*, I thinke this playing with the letter, be rather a fault then a figure, as well in our English tongue, as it hath beene alwayes in the Latin, called *Cacozelon*.

*A vacant*, imitateth Mantuans saying, *Vacuum curis diuina cerebrum Poscit.*

*Lanish cups*, Resembleth the common verse, *Facundi calices quem non fecere disertum.*

*O if my*, he seemeth here to be rauished with a poeticall furie. For (if one rightly marke) the numbers rise so full, and the verse groweth so bigge, that it seemeth he had forgot the meannesse of shepherds state and stile.

*Wilde yuie*, for it is dedicate to Bacchus, and therefore it is sayd, that the Mænades (that is Bacchus franticke priests) vsed in their sacrifice to carrie Thyrsos, which were pointed staues or iauelins, wrapped about with yuie.

*In buskin*, it was the maner of poets and players in Tragedies to weare buskins, as also in Comedies to vse socks and light shooes. So that the buskin in poetrie is vsed for tragicall matter, as is said in Virgill, *Sola Sophocleus a*

*carmina*



## October.

85

*carmina digna coturno.* And the like in Horace, *Magnum loqui, nitique coturno.*

**Queint, strange.** Bellona the goddesse of battell, that is Pallas, which may therefore well be called queint, for that (as Lucian saith) when Iupiter her father was in trauaile of her, he caused his sonne Vulcan with his axe to hew his head. Out of which leaped out lustily a valiant Damsell armed at all points, whom Vulcan seeing so faire and comely, lightly leaping to her, proffered her some curtesie, which the Ladie disdayning, shaked her speare at him, and threatned his saucinesse. Therefore such straungenesse is well applyed to her.

*Equipage, order.*

*Tydes, seasons.*

*Charme, temper and order.* For charmes were wont to be made by verses, as Ouid sayth. *Aut si carminibus.*

### Embleme.

Hereby is meant, as also in the whole course of this *Aeglogue*, that poe-  
trie is a diuine instinct, and vnnatural rage passing the reach of common rea-  
son. Whom Piers answereth lipiphonematicos, as admitting the excellency  
of the skill, whereof in Cuddie he had alreadie had a taste.

## Nouember.



*Aegloga*



*Aegloga undecima.*  
**ARGUMENT.**

**I**N this xi. Aeglogue hee bewayleth the death of some maiden of great blood, whom he calleth Dido. The personage is secret, and to me altogether unknowne albeit of himselfe I often required the same. This Aeglogue is made in imitation of Marot his song, which he made vpon the death of Loyes the French Queen. But farre passing his reach, and in mine opinion all other the Aeglogues of this Booke.

Thenot. Colin.

**C**olin my deare, when shall it please thee sing,  
 As thou wert wont, songs of some iouissance?  
 Thy Muse too long slumbreth in sorrowing,  
 Lulled asleepe through loues misgouernaunce.  
 Now somewhat sing, whose endlesse souenaunce,  
 Among the shepheards swaines may aye remaine:  
 Whither thee list thy loued lasse aduance,  
 O honour Pan with hymnes of higher vaine.

Colin.

Thenot, now nis the time of merimake,  
 No Pan to herie, no with loue to play:  
 Like mirth in May is meetest for to make,  
 O sommer shade vnder the cocked hay.  
 But now sad winter welked hath the day,  
 And Phoebus weary of his yearly taske:  
 Established hath his steedes in lowly lay,  
 And taken vp his ynn in fishes haf-ke.  
 Whilke fuller season sadder plight doth as-ke.  
 And loathed like delights, as thou doest praise:  
 The mournfull Muse in mirth now list ne make.  
 As she was wont in youngth and sommer dayes.  
 But if thou algate lust light virelapes,  
 And looser songs of loue to vnder song:  
 Who but thy selfe deserues like Poets praise?  
 Relieue thy Datten pypes, that sleepe long.

Thenot.

The Nightingale is soueraigne of song,  
 Before him sits the Titmouse silent bee:  
 And I vnfit to thrust in skilfull throng,  
 Should Colin make iudge of my foolerie.

Pay,



27  
87

Nouember.

Nay, better learne of hem, that learned bee,  
 And han bene watred at the Muses well :  
 The kindly dew drops from the higher tree,  
 And wets the little plants that lowly dwell.  
 But if sad winters wath, and season chil,  
 Accord not with thy Muses meriment :  
 To sad times thou maist attune thy quill,  
 And sing of sorow and deaths djeriment.  
 For dead is Dido, dead alas and drent,  
 Did the great shepheard his daughter sheene :  
 The sayrest Day she was that euer went,  
 Her like she has not left behind I weene.  
 And if thou wilt bewaile my wofull teene,  
 I shall thee giue yond Cosset for thy paine :  
 And if thy rymes as round and rusfull beene,  
 As those that did thy Rosalinde complaine,  
 Much greater gifts for guerdon thou shalt gaine,  
 Then kio of Cosset, which I thee benempt :  
 Then vp I say, thou iolly shepheard swaine.  
 Let not my small demaund be so contempt.

Colin.

Thenot to that I chose, thou doest me tempt,  
 But ah, too well I wote my humble baine,  
 And how my rimes beene rugged and vnkempt :  
 Yet as I con, my conning I will straine.

**V** When Melpomene þ mournful Muse of mine  
 Such cause of mourning neuer hadst afoze:  
 Up grisly ghosts, and vp my rusfull rime,  
 Matter of myrth now shalt thou haue no moze:  
 For dead shee is, that myrth thee made of poze,  
 Dido my deare, alas is dead,  
 Dead, and lyeth wapt in lead :  
 O heaue herse,  
 Let streaming teares be powzed out in stoze :  
 O carefull verse.

Shepheards, that by your flocks on Kentish doones  
 Waile ye this woful wast of natures warke : (abide,



Wlaile wee the wight, whose presence was our pride:

Wlaile we the wight, whose absence is our carke.

The sunne of all the world is dimme and darke:

The earth now lacks her woonted light,

And all we dwell in deadly night,

O heauie herse.

Breake we our pipes, that shuld as loude as Larke,

O carefull verse.

Why doe we longer liue, (ah why liue we so long)

Whose better daies death hath shut vp in wo:

The fayrest flowre our girlond all among,

Is faded quite and into dust ygo.

Sing now yee shepheardes daughters, sing no mo

The songs that Colin made in her praise.

But into weeping turne your wanton layes.

O heauie herse:

Now is time to die. Nay time was long ygoe,

O carefull verse.

Whence is it, that the flowret of the field doth fade,

And lyeth buried long in Winters bale:

Yet soone as spring his mantle doth displye,

It flowreth fresh, as it should neuer fayle.

But thing on earth that is of most auaille,

As vertues branch and beauties bud,

Relinen not for any good.

O heauie herse,

The branche once dead, the bud eke needs must quaille,

O carefull verse.

She while she was, (that was, a woofull word to saies)

For beauties praise and pleasaunce had no peere:

So well she couth the shepheardes entertaine,

With cakes and cracknells, and such countrey chere.

He would she scoone the simple shepheardes swaine,

For she would call him often heame

And giue him Curds and clouted Creame.

O heauie herse,

Als Colin Cloute she would not once disdain.

O carefull verse.

But



But now like happie chere is turnd to heauy chance,  
Such pleasaunce now displast by dolors dint :  
All Musicke sleepes, where death doth leade the dance,  
And shepheards wonted solace is extinct.

The blew in blacke, the greene in gray is tint:

The gaudy girlonds deckt her graue,

The faded flowres her Coyle embzaue.

O heauie herse,

Mourne now my muse, now mourne with teares be,

O carefull verse.

(spirit,

O thou great shepheard Lobbin, how great is thy grief

Where bene the nosegayes that thee dight for thee?

The coloured chaplets wrought with a chiefe,

The knotted rushings, and gilt Rosemarie?

For thee deemed nothing too deere for thee.

Ah, they beene all clad in clay,

One bitter blast blew all away.

O heauie herse,

Thereof nought remaines but the memoarie,

O carefull verse.

Aye mee that dreerie death shuld strike so mortall stroke,

That can vnder Dams natures kindly course:

The faded lockes fall from the loffie Oke.

The flouds do gaspe, for dyed is their source,

And flouds of teares flowe in theyr steade perforce.

The mantled medowes mourne,

Theyr sundrie colours tourne.

O heauie herse,

The heaues do melt in teares without remorse,

O carefull verse.

The feeble flocks in field refuse their former foode,

And hang their heads, as they would learn to weepe:

The beastes in Forrest wayle as they were woode,

Except the Wolues, that chase the wandring sheepe:

Now thee is gone that safely did hem keepe.

The Turtle on the bared bzaunche

Laments the wound, that death did launch,



**O** heauie herse.  
 And Phi'omele her song with teares dot by stepe:  
**O** carefull verse.

The water nymphs, that went with her to sing and  
 And for her girland Oliue branches beare, (dance,  
 Now balefull boughs of Cypres down aduance:  
 The Muses that were wont greene bayes to weare,  
 Now bringen bitter Eldre branches seare:

The fatall sisters eke repent,  
 Her vitall threed so soone was spent.

**O** heauie herse,  
 Mourns now my Muse, now mourne with heauie  
**O** carefull verse. (cheare,

**O** trustlesse state of earthly things, and slipper hope,  
 Of mortal men, that swinke and sweate for nought,  
 And shooting wide, doth misse the marked scope:

Now haue I learnde (a lesson deere bought)  
 That nis on earth assurance to be sought:

For what might be in earthly mould,  
 That did her buried body hould.

**O** heauie herse,  
 Yet saw I on the beere when it was brought,  
**O** carefull verse.

But maugre death, and dreaded sisters deadly spight,  
 And gates of hell, and fierie furies force:  
 Shee hath the bonds broke of eternall night,  
 Her soule vn bodied of the burdenous corpe.

Why then weapes Lobbin so without remorse?

**O** Lobb, thy losse no longer lament,  
 Dido nis dead, but into heauen hent:

**O** happie herse,  
 Cease now my Muses, now cease thy sorowes  
**O** ioyfull verse (course,

Why waile we then: why wearie we the gods with  
 As if some euill were to her betight? (plaints,

Wher raignes a goddesse now among the saints,  
 That whileme was the saint of shepheards light:

And



Nouember.

28  
91

And is enstalled now in heauens hight.  
I see the blessed soule, I see,  
Walke in Elisian fieldes so free,  
O happie herse,  
Wight I once came to thee (O that I might)  
O ioyfull herse.

Unwise and wretched men to woe what good or ill,  
The decree of Death as to me of ill desert:  
But know we soles, what it vs brings untill  
Dye would we daily, once it to expect.  
No daunger there the shepheard can asert:  
Faire fieldes and pleasant layes there bene,  
The fieldes aye fresh, the grasse aye greene:  
O happie herse.  
Take haste ye shepheards, thither to reuert,  
O ioyfull herse.

Dido is gone afoze (whose turne shall be the next?)  
There liues she with the blessed Gods in blisse:  
There drinks she Nectar with Ambrosia mixt,  
And ioyes enioyes, that mortall men can misse.  
The hono: now of highest Gods she is,  
That while me was poore shepheards pride:  
While here on earth she did abide,  
O happie herse,  
Cease now my long, my woe now wasted is,  
O ioyfull herse.

Thenot.

Aye franck shepheard, how bene thy verses meint  
With dolefull pleasance, so as I ne wotte,  
Whether reioyce or weepe so: great cor. straint?  
Thine be the Cossette, well hast thou it gotte.  
Up Colin vp, y enough thou mourned hast,  
Now ginnes to mizzle, hie we hence ward fast.

Colins Embleme,  
*La mort by merd.*



## GLOSSE.

*Ioyfauunce*, myrth. *Souenauunce*, remembrance. *Herie*, honour.  
*Welked*, shortned or empayred. As the Moone being in the wayne is said  
of Lidgate to welk.

*In lowly lay*, according to the season of the moneth of Nouember, when  
the Sunne draweth low in the South toward his Tropick or returne.

*In fishes haske*, the sunne raygned, that is, in the signe Pisces all Nouem-  
ber, a haske is a wicker ped, wherein they vse to carrie fish.

*Virelayes*, a light kind of song.

*Bewatred*, for it is a saying of Poets, that they haue drunke of the Muses  
Well Castalias, whereof was before sufficiently said.

*Dreriment*, dreery and heauie cheere.

*The great shepheard*, is some man of high degree, and not as some vainly  
suppose, God Pan. The person both of the shepheard and of Dido is vn-  
knowne, and closely buried in the Authours conceipt. But out of doubt I  
am, that it is not Rosalinde, as some imagine: for he speaketh soone after of  
her also.

*Shene*, fayre and shining.

*May*, for mayde.

*Teene*, sorrow.

*Guerdon*, reward,

*Bynempt*, bequeathed.

*Cosset*, a lambe brought vp without the Dam, *Vnkempt*, In compti. Not  
combed, that is, rude and vnhanfome.

*Melpomene*. The sadde and wailefull Muse, vsed of Poets in honour and  
Tragedies: as saith Virgil, *Melpomene tragico proclamat mæsta batu.*

*Vp griesly ghosts*, The manner of the tragicall Poets, to call for helpe of  
Furies and damned ghosts: so is Hecuba of Euripides, & Tantalus brought  
in of Seneca. And the rest of the rest.

*Herse*, is the solemne obsequie in funera'les.

*Wast of*, decay of so beautifull a peece.

*Carke*, care.

*Ab why*, an elegat Epanorthosis, as also soone after. Nay time was 'ōz ago

*Floret*, a diminutiue: for a little floure. This is a notable and sententious  
comparison, *A minore ad maius.*

*Reliue not*, liue not againe. i. not in their earthly bodies: for in heauen  
they receiue their due reward.

*The branch*, He meaneth Dido, who being as it were the maine branch  
now withered, the buds, that is, beautie (as hee sayd afore) can no more  
flourish.

*With cakes*, fit for shepheards bankets. *Heame*, for home, after the Nor-  
then pronouncing. *Tinct*, dyed or stained.

*The gaudie*, the meaning is, that the things which were the ornaments of



her life are made the honour of her funerall, as is vsed in burials.

*Lobbin*, the name of a shepheard, which seemeth to haue beene the louer and deere friend of Dido. *Rusbrings*, agreeable for such base gifts.

*Faded lockes*, dried leaues. As if Nature her selfe bewailed the death of the Mayde.

*Sourse*, spring. *Mantled Medowes*, for the sundrie flowers are like a mantle or couerlet wrought with many colours.

*Philomela* the Nightingale. Whom the Poets faine once to haue beene a Lady of great beautie, till beeing rauished by her sisters husband, she desired to be turned into a birde of her name, whose complaints be very wel set forth of M. George Gascoine a wittie gentleman, & the very cheefe of our late rimers, who and if some parts of learning wanted not (albe it is well knowne he altogether wanted not learning) no doubt would haue attained to the excellencie of those famous Poets. For gifts of witte and naturall promptnes appeare in him abundantly.

*Cypresse*, vsed of the olde paynims in the furnishing of their funerall Pompe, and properly the signe of all sorrow and heauinesse.

*The fatall sisters*, Clotho, Lachesis, and Atropos, daughters of Herebus and the night, whome the Poets faine to spin the life of man, as it were a long thred, which they draw out in length, till his fatall houre and timely death be come, but if by other casualtie his daies be abridged, then one of them, that is, Atropos is said to haue cut the threed in twaine. Hereof cometh a common verse.

*Clotho colum bainlat, Lachesis trahit, Atropos occat.*

*O truffleffe*, a gallant exclamation moralized with great wisedome, and passionate with great affection.

*Beere*, a frame, whereon they vse to lay the dead corps.

*Furies*, of Poets are fained to be three, Persephone, Alecto, and Megera, which are said to be the Authors of all euill and mischief.

*Eternal night*, is death or darkenesse of hell. *Betight*, happened.

*I see*, A liuely Icon or presentation, as if he saw her in heauen present.

*Elysian fieldes*, be deuised of Poets to be a place of pleasure like Paradise, where the happie soules do rest in peace and eternall happinesse.

*Die would*, the very expresse saying of Plato in Phaedone.

*Astart* befall vnwares.

*Nectar and Ambrosia*, bee fained to be the drinke and foode of the Gods: Ambrosia they liken to Manna in scripture, and Nectar to be white like creame, whereof is a proper tale of Hebe, that spilt a cup of it, and stayned the heauens, as yet appeareth. But I haue already discoursed that at large in my Commentary vpon the dreames of the same author. *Meynt*, mingled  
Embleme



*Embleme.*

Which is as much to say, as death byteth not. For although by course of nature we be borne to dye, and being ripened with age, as with timely harvest, we must bee gathered in time, or else of our selues we fall like rotted ripe fruite fro the tree: yet death is not to be counted for euill, nor (as the Poet said a litle before) as doome of ill desert. For though the trespasse of the first man brought death into the world, as the guerdon of sinne, yet being overcome by the death of one that died for all, it is now made (as Chaucer saith) the greene pathway of life. So that it agreeth well with that was saide, that Death byteth not (that is) hurteth not at all.

## December.

*Aegloga Duodecima.*

## ARGUMENT,

**T**His Aeglogue (even as the first began) is ended with a complaint of Colin to God Pan, wherein as wearie of his former waies, hee proportioneth his life to the foure seasons of the yeare, comparing his youth to the spring time, when hee was fresh and free from lones follie. His manhood to the summer, which he saith, was consumed with great heate and excessive drouth, caused through a Comet or blazing Starre,



## December.

95

*Starre, by which hee meaneth loue, which passion is commonly compared to such flames and immoderate heate, his ripeſt yeares he reſembleth to an unſeaſonable harueſt, wherein the fruits fall ere they be ripe. His latter age to winters chill and froſtie ſeaſon now drawing neere to his laſt ende.*

**T**he gentle ſhepherd ſate beſiden ſpring,  
 All in the ſhadow of a buſhie Bære,  
 That Colin hight, which well could pipe & ſing,  
 For he of Tityrus his ſongs did lere.  
 There as he ſate in ſecrete ſhade alone,  
 Thus gan he make of loue his piteous mone.

O ſoueraigne Pan thou God of ſhepherds all,  
 Which of our tender Lambkins takeſt keepe:  
 And when our flocks into miſchaunce mought fall,  
 Doeſt ſaue from miſchiefe the vnwarie ſhape.  
 Als of their maiſters haſt no leſſe regard,  
 Then of the flocks, which thou doeſt watch & ward

I thee beſeech (ſo be thou deigne to heare,  
 Rude ditties tunde to ſhepherds Daten reede,  
 O: if I euer ſonnet ſung ſo cleare,  
 As it with pleaſaunce mought thy fancie ſeede)  
 Hearken a while from thy greene cabinet,  
 The lawzell ſong of carefull Colinet.

Whilom in youth, when ſlowzed my ioyfull ſpring,  
 Like ſwallow ſwift, I wandzed here and there:  
 For heate of heedleſſe luſt me ſo did ſting,  
 That I of doubted daunger had no feare.  
 I went the waſtfull woods and foxreſt wide,  
 Withouthen dread of Wolues to beene eſpide.

I went to raunge amid the mazie thicket,  
 And gather nuts to make me Chriſtmas game:  
 And ioyed oft to chaſe the trembling Bicket,  
 O: hunt the heartleſſe hare, till ſhe were tame.  
 That wreaked I of wintrie ages waſt,  
 Tho deemed I my ſpring would euer laſt.



How often haue I scaled the craggie Dike,  
 All to dislodge the Rauen of her nest :  
 How haue I wearied with manie a stroke  
 The statelie Walnut tree, the while the rest  
 Under the tree fell all for nattes at strife :  
 For ylike to me, was libertie and life.

And for I was in thilke same looser yeres,  
 (Whither the Muse, so wrought me from my birth :  
 Or I too much beleued my shepheard peeres)  
 Somedele ybent to song and musickes mirth.  
 A good old shepheard, Wrenock was his name,  
 Made me by art moze cunning in the same.

From thence I durst in derring to compare  
 With shepheards swaine, what euer fed in field :  
 And if that Hobbinoll right iudgement bare,  
 To Pan his owne selfe pipe I neede not yeld.  
 For if the flocking Symphes did folle w Pan,  
 The wiser Muses after Colin ran.

But ah such pride at length was ill repaide,  
 The shepheards God (perdie God was he none)  
 My hurtlesse pleasaunce did me ill vpbzaide,  
 My freedome lozne, my life he left to mone.  
 Loue they him called, that gaue me checkmate,  
 But better mought they haue behote him Hate.

Tho gan my louely spring bid me farewell,  
 And summer season sped him to display  
 (For loue then in the Lyons house did dwell)  
 The raging fire, that kindled at his ray.  
 A comet sturd vp that unkindly heate,  
 That raigned (as men said) in Venus seate.

Forth was I led, not as I wont afore,  
 When choise I had to choise my wandring way :  
 But whither lucke and loues vnbribled loze  
 Would lead me forth on fancies bit to play.

The bush my bed, the bramble was my be wze,  
 The Woods can witnes manie a wofull stoure.

Where



Where I was wont to seeke the hony Bee,  
 Workeing her forsmall rowmes in Wexen frame :  
 The grieuful Lodescole growne there mought I see,  
 And loathing Paddockes lording on the same.

And where the chaunting birds luld me a sleepe,  
 The gassly Diue her grauous yme doth keepe.

Then as the spring giues place to elder time,  
 And bzingeth forth the fruit of summers pride :  
 All so my age now passed youthly prime,  
 To things of riper reason selfe applide.

And learned of lighter timber cotes to frame,  
 Such as might saue my sheepe and me fro shame.

To make fine cages for the Pightingale,  
 And Baskets of bulrushes was my wont :  
 Who to entrap the fish in winding sale,  
 Was better seene, or hurtfull beastes to hunt.

I learned als the signes of heauen to ken,  
 How Phoebus failes, where Venus sits, and when.

And tried time yet taught me greater things,  
 The sodaine rising of the raging seas :  
 The sothe of byrds by beating of their wings,  
 The pouwe of hearbes, both which can hurt and ease :  
 And which be wont t' enrage the restless sheepe,  
 And which be wont to worke eternall sleepe.

But ah vnwise and witlesse Colin Clout,  
 That kydst the hidden kindes of many a weede :  
 Yet kydst not ene to cure thy soze heart root,  
 Whose ranckling wound as yet does risely bleede.

Why liuest thou still, and yet hast thy deaths wound ?  
 Why diest thou still, and yet aliue art found ?

Thus is my summer woyme alway and wasted :  
 Thus is my harvest hastened all to rathe :  
 The care that badded faire, is burnt and blasted,  
 And all my hoped gaine is turned to scathe.

Of all the teede, that in my youth was sowne,  
 Was nought but brakes & brambles to be mowne.



My boughs and blossoms that crowned were at first,  
 And promised of timely fruit such store:  
 Are left both bare and barren now at erst,  
 The flattering fruit is fallen to ground before,  
 And rotted, ere they were halfe mellow ripe:  
 My harvest wast, my hope away did wipe.

The fragrant flowers that in my garden grew,  
 Beene withered as they had beene gathered long:  
 Their rootes beene dried vp for lacke of dew,  
 Yet dewed with teares they han beene euer among.  
 Ah, who has wrought my Rosalinde this spight.  
 To spill the flowres, that should her girland dight:

And I, that whilome went to frame my pipe,  
 Unto the shifting of the shepheards sote:  
 Like follies now haue gathered as too ripe,  
 And cast hem out, as rotten and vnscote.  
 The loserlasse I cast to please no more,  
 One if I please, enough is me therefore.

And thus of all my harvest hope I haue  
 Pought reaped but a weedie crop of care:  
 Which, when I thought haue threshed in swelling  
 Cockle for corne, and chaffe for barley bare. (theane  
 Soone as the chaffe should in the fan be finde,  
 All was blowne away of the wauering winde.

So now my yeare drawes to my latter terme,  
 My spring is spent, my sommer burnt vp quite:  
 My harvest hastes to stir vp winter sterne,  
 And bids him claime with rigorous rage his right.  
 So now he stormes with many a sturdie streue,  
 So now his blustering blast each coast doth scoure,

The carefull colde hath nipt my rugged rinde,  
 And in my face deepe furrowes old hath pight:  
 My head besprent with hoarie frost I finde,  
 And by mine eie the crow his claw doth wright.  
 Delight is laid abed, and pleasure past,  
 No sunne now shines, clouds han all ouercast.



Now leaue you shepheards boyes your merry glæ,  
 My Muse is hoarse and wearie of this sound:  
 Here will I hang my pipe vpon this tree,  
 Was neuer pipe of reede did better sound.  
 Winter is come, that blowes the bitter blast,  
 And after winter dreerie death does haſt.

Gather ye together my little flocke,  
 My little flocke, that was to me moſt lieſe:  
 Let me, ah let me in your folds ye locke,  
 Ere the breme winter breed you greater griefe.  
 Winter is come, that blowes the balefull breath,  
 And after winter commeth timely death.

Adieu delights, that lulled me aſleepe,  
 Adieu my deare, whose loue I bought ſo deare:  
 Adieu my little lambes and loued ſheepe,  
 Adieu ye woods, that oft my witneſſe were:  
 Adieu good Hobbinoll, that was ſo true,  
 Tell Roſalinde, her Colin bids her adieu.

Colins Embleme.

### GLOSSE.

*Tytirus*, Chaucer, as hath beene oft ſaid,      *Lambkins*, yong lambes.  
*Als of their*, ſeemely to expreſſe Vergils verſe.

*Pan curat omnes omniumque magistros.*

*Deigne*, vouchſafe.      *Cabinet*, *Colinet*, diminutiues.

*Mazie*, For they be like to a maze whence it is hard to get out againe.

*Peers*, Fellowes and companions.

*Muſick*, that is Poetrie, as Terence ſaith *Qui artem tractant muſicam*, ſpeaking of Poets.

*Derring do*, aforeſaid.

*Lions houſe*, he imagineth ſimply that Cupid, which is loue, had his abode in the hote ſigne Leo, which is in miſt of Sommer, a pretie allegory where of the meaning is, that loue in him wrought an extraordinarie heat of luſt.

*His ray*, which is cupids beame of flames of loue.

*A comet*, a blaſing ſtarre, meant of beautie, which was the cauſe of his hote loue.

*Venus*,



*Venus*, the goddesse of beautie or pleasure. Also a signe in heauen, as it is here taken. So he meaneth that beautie, which hath alway aspect to Venus, was the cause of his vnquietnesse in loue.

*Where I was*, a fine discription of the change of his life and liking, for all things now seemed to him to haue altered their kindly course.

*Lording*, Spoken after the manner of Paddocks and Frogs sitting, which is indeed lordly, not moouing or looking once aside, vnlesse they be stirred.

*Then as*, The second part, that is, his manhood.

*Cotes*, Shepcotes, for such be exercises of shepheards.

*Sale* or fallow, a kinde of wood like willow, fitte to wreathe and binde in heapes to catch fish withall.

*Phæbe sailes*, The Eclipse of the Moone, which is alwayes in Cauda, or Capite Draconis, signes in heauen.

*Venus*, i. Venus starre, otherwise called Hesperus, and Vesper, and Lucifer, both because he seemeth to be one of the brightest stars, and also first riseth, and setteth last. All which skill in starres being conuenient for shepheards to know, Theocritus and the rest v.c.

*Raging seas*, The cause of the swelling and ebbing of the sea commeth of the course of the Moone, sometime increasing, sometime waining and decreasing.

*Sooth of birds*, A kind of soothsaying vsed in the elder times, which they gathered by the flying of birds: First (as is said) inuented by the Thuscans, and from them deriued to the Romanes (who as it is said in Leuy) were so superstitiously rooted in the same, that they agreed that euery noble man should put his sonne to the Thuscans, by them to be brought vp in that knowledge.

*Of herbs*, That wondrous things be wrought by herbs, as wel appeareth by the common working of them in our bodyes, as also by the wonderfull enchauntments and sorceries that haue beene wrought by them, insomuch that it is said, that Circe a famous sorceresse, turned men into sundry kinds of beasts and monsters, and only by herbes: as the Poet saith, *Dea sua potentibus herbis, &c.*

*Kidst*, knowest.      *Eare*, of corne.      *Scathe*, losse, hinderance.

*Euer among*, Euer and anone.

*This is my*, The third part wherein is set forth his ripe yeares as an vntimely hrruelt that bringeth little fruit.

*The fragrant flowers*, sundry studies and laudable parts of learning, wherein our poet is seene: be they witnessse which are priue to his study.

*So now my yeere*. The last part, wherein is described his age, by comparison of wintrie stormes.

Carefull



*Carefull cold*, for care is said to coo'e the bloud. *Glee*, mirth.  
*Hoarie frost*, A metaphor of hoarie haire scattered like a gray frost,  
*Breeme*, sharpe and bitter.

*Adieu delights*, is a conclusion of all. Where in sixe verses he comprehendeth all that was touched in this booke. In the first verse his delights of youth generally. In the second, the loue of Rosalinde, in the third, the keeping of sheepe, which is the argument of al the *Æglogues*. In the fourth his complaints. And in the last two his professed friendship and good will to his good friend Hobbinoll,

## Embleme.

The meaning whereof is, that all things perish and come to their last end, but works of learned wits and monuments abide for euer. And therefore Horace of his Odes, a worke though full indeed of great wit and learning, yet of no so great waight and importance, boldly saith,

*Exegi monumentum ære perennius,  
 Quod nec imber nec aquilo vorax.*

Therefore let not be enuied, that this Poet in his Epilogue saith, he made a Calender that shall endure as long as time, &c. following the example of Horace and Ouid in the like.

*Grande opus exegi, quod nec Iouis ira, nec ignis,  
 Nec ferrum poterit nec edax abolere vetustas, &c.*

*Loe I haue made a Calender for euery yeare,  
 That steale in strength, and time in durance shall outweare:  
 And if I marked well the starres resolution,  
 It shall continue til the worlds dissolution.  
 To teach the reader shepheard how to feede his sheepe,  
 And from the falsers fraude his folded flocke to keepe.  
 Go little Calender, thou hast a free passport:  
 Go but a lowly gate amongst the meaner sort.  
 Dare not to match thy pipe with Tytirus his stile,  
 Nor with the Pilgrim that the plough-man plaid a while:  
 But follow them farre off, and their high steps adore,  
 The better please, the worse displease, I aske no more.*

*Merce non mercede.*

FINIS.